



THE AMERICA I SAW

IN

1916 - 1918

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BY

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'PRAYERS FOR TO-DAY,' ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE

DEAR READER,—You probably know all you ought to know about America: you are full of the facts no gentleman's mind should be without. But have you ever wandered about America with nothing to do but to learn to love her? If you have, you have already learnt all that this 'thing in book's clothing' can tell you; if you have not, then come with me, and see her as I did.

If you do this, I am sure you will forgive me for only giving familiar descriptions from a home diary. I do it as the best way of making you in some degree realise my two years' experience of the minute, gracious care which a passing stranger may receive in America. I always felt like Tobit in Perugino's picture, wandering over the world with successive angels holding my hand, leading me across every street; or, as an American might say, telling me 'where to get off,' and 'when to come in out of the rain.'

My whole heart is full of one big 'Thank you' to a country which has been so wondrously kind to me, that if you pin me down to one adjective to describe America, it would be *lovable*.

L. H. M. SOULSBY,

Late Head of the Manor House School,
Brondesbury.

Smaller type takes the place of the inverted commas which would indicate speeches or quotations—or direct remarks of Americans.

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INTRODUCTION

A MAP OF WANDERINGS

I WENT to America, as I thought for a couple of months, but, as Fate meant, for the most delightful two years I ever spent, only tempered by regret at having such pleasant work assigned to me, while you were having such hard times in England. I was not idle, but one could not give the name of work to anything so pleasant.

I began by spending the summer in the country with a Society consisting of workers from all over America.

This enriched my life by some hundred thoughtful friends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and taught me how little they realised England's atmosphere.

While I was regretting this, a wise woman said :

You like America and this makes us like you. You would be really useful in these anxious days if you just travelled about making friends; for you would be making friends for England. Go East, West, North, and South, and make Americans feel that the English love them and value what they are doing. That is a thing which the English often fail to make us realise, even when they feel it. And so much hangs, just now, on good feeling between our two countries,

that you may fairly count it as war work and not mere pleasant idling, if you give any of us a friendly feeling about a country which so often disguises its good-heartedness by apparently insufficient appreciation of other people. Just go and enjoy yourself, and show us that you like us.

Except on the Atlantic seaboard, England and her point of view are curiously unknown, and many who inherit a grudge against her might lose it if they made friends with some one who honestly loved America, and did not want to thrust English wisdom down our throats. Go and try. I think it will prove real war work as increasing friendly feeling between our two countries.

I acted on this and spent over two years in short visits, making real friends. The house each new friend met me in was warrant of my respectability, but I brought few letters of introduction, so there was no occasion for people to ask me unless they wanted to do so.

I saw old-fashioned country life in Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut; summer country life in Bar Harbor, while Boston was quite extraordinarily good to me. I spent delightful months in and near San Francisco, and also lost my heart to the Deserts of Arizona, and the old-world atmosphere of Richmond and Charleston.

I purposely omit New York in my sketch for, though that name will always mean to me the warmest kindness and the most interesting of talks, it is Cosmopolitan and not America.

A third of my manuscript was struck out for lack of space, so I omit also the other Eastern Cities, because so well known to even short-time travellers.

English travellers, as a rule, go to New York, and meet clever Cosmopolitans; to Washington, and meet Politics; to Boston, and meet Intellectuals;

and then, especially if they have added Philadelphia, they imagine they have seen America.

We all realise those two quite distinct Americas, the Political and the Financial; and when either of them speaks we take it as the Voice of America. But behind them lies the great Heart of America, a grander country than can be realised by any who have not lived in it. I went about as much as possible, not for the sake of the meetings, but to learn better what this great America was like through knowing more individual people.

I went to the Triennial Convention (the Church Congress) at St. Louis, to the Church Conventions at Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Arizona. I twice went 6000 miles to attend meetings of the Californian House of Churchwomen, one of the most interesting and suggestive of my experiences.

I went as delegate of the Mothers' Union to the International World Purity Conference at Louisville, Kentucky: and, as a former member of the Executive of the English National Council of Women Workers, I was admitted to the corresponding American Society at Washington, and heard the reports of work from all over America.

I also went to the Episcopalian Summer Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.) for the training of church workers; to the Undenominational Meetings at Northfield under the Moodys, which do such wonderful evangelising work; and to the Interdenominational Meetings at Silver Bay, for promoting missionary work and training.

Forgive such a list—I put it to show that my impressions came from varied sources.

I spoke at all these gatherings ; also in schools and other meetings ; but it is not American platforms, or the ground I covered, that makes me want to describe *my* America to you. Many have been in more trains and on more platforms, but no one that I know has been really *at home* in so many houses.

As a rule English visitors take letters to the cosmopolitans of the big cities of the seaboard, and meet people who know their own set in England. Or they represent some religious or educational cause, and are handed on from one of its centres to another till they get to feel as if it bulked largely in the country, whereas America is so huge that hardly any one interest can be said to bulk largely as compared with all the others. Or they go for health ; or they flit round as sightseers, learning to know hotels which, even when as lovely as Delmonte, would not be satisfying as a substitute for American homes.

All these travellers will tell you ‘ How kind Americans are to all strangers, and what charming acquaintances they are.’ Their almost invariable choice of that word always reminds me of being taken by a ‘ few days’ friend ’ to see her Boston cousin. I overheard her explaining me, and the cousin saying with a slight severity, ‘ Have you known her a very long time ? ’ ‘ No,’ was the answer, ‘ I know Miss Soulsby very shortly, but quite deeply.’ That is—substituting *warmly* for deeply—how *I* feel as if I knew my American friends, and that is why I want you to take the America I saw as a fact to be reckoned with in forming your ideas of this New World, which to many English is still as unknown as in the days of Columbus—or misknown, which is yet more misleading.

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I. NEW ENGLAND

I

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

I got to New York on Sunday afternoon, August 20, 1916. I slept on the Fall River boat, where I made friends with Irish, who held me to account for Sir Roger Casement's death ; but I lived to arrive on a brilliant morning, and to take train to Boston.

This was an exciting journey to me, who had spent much of my youth in New England through early reading of Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, the Rollo Books, Mrs. Whitney, and Miss Alcott.

Every isolated New England house I passed felt as if it might be the home of spiritual wrestling, of a realisation of the Unseen, that would make the widest European life narrow in comparison.

Reason kept suggesting that the Unseen was as present in Europe as here, but circumstantial evidence replied that there was less here to divert

the soul from the great realities, and so the very bareness and commonplaceness of this or that house wove a spiritual romance about it that made the journey exciting to one who was living in the world of the Puritanism of two hundred years ago.

Of course, by now I have been told that the glow of Puritanism has died out, leaving problems in rural New England sadly like those of Europe. But I am glad I made my journey in company with a glorified vision of the angel of the New England conscience.

The end of my journey was in a trolley car, like a German street car with open sides. New England has a network of these cars, and I can imagine no more delightful holiday than using them as one's caravan.

I had a lovely drive through country roads and hedgerows, till I was put out at a low hill and directed to walk up it. The thermometer was in the nineties, no one was about in the midday heat, and it seemed the loneliest place I had ever seen, not excepting the Veldt.

I arrived at a long, low, dull-green house, that seemed like a lonely Spanish farm, where St. Theresa might have sought shelter on her journeys.

The dead hour of heat and midday can hold a curious loneliness of its own that rivals the dead hour of midnight. There was not a sound, for I was arriving at the silence hour (two o'clock). Ledges of rock burst through the grass, and I stumbled on with a heavy bag, which felt like Christian's burden and no mere baggage. I went past green lattices and walls with green shuttered windows, but with

never a door nor a voice, while as to a bell, it never occurred to me that such a mundane thing could be.

The veil of peaceful familiarity has by now fallen over it, and I shall never again go up that hillside with a feeling half adventure, half fear.

Everyone is rightly scornful of the tenderfoot's knowledge of a place, and 'Wait and See' holds wisdom. But you can never see a place twice *for the first time*, and places and people may show a side to a stranger which is none the less eternally true, because (from a temporal point of view) quite misleading. I now know the place by its Christian name, so to speak, and feel it as friendly and home-like as a Devonshire village; but I still regret that sense of the 'souls of lonely places,' which overpowered me as I groped my way on till I came to the broad-arched opening between the two parts of the house.

My burden brought me to my knees on the long low steps, and I looked through to the great black cross in the near distance, which dominated the Italian landscape that lay beyond. I might have been looking over a broad valley in the Umbrian hill country: single trees—apples, elms, and lonely little cypresses—broke the sweep, as I had never seen them since I drove through Pienza; and the memory of the garland of glad saints on the Pienza altar-picture often returned to me later, when I stood in the shadow of that porch, gazing at the cross and seeing here and there white-robed figures gliding past the apple-trees, summoned by the chapel bell.

But there were no such figures in the loneliness

when I knelt with my burden, and wondered when 'the porter, whose name was Watchful,' would come to this New England door of the Interpreter's House, whose courts are in every land.

I knelt, waiting for a vision of the New England conscience, and in due time out came Prudence, Piety, and Charity, though, as befitted a new country with fewer inhabitants, they were combined in one person—the House-mother. However, by tea-time they had differentiated into a dozen or so, and by the next night the vision had materialised into some seventy or eighty.

Some of them I had met already in Mantegna's pictures. There was also a very good Botticelli angel, tall and slight—so slight that she will one day rise to heaven like a flame. I used to call her Santa Fina, because she helped me to do my room. A little Carpaccio angel, with warm curly hair, plays the violin at the grace, which seems to hold the spirit of the place.

Brother and Lord, among Thy children sitting ;

Lord of our toil, Bestower of our rest ;

Lord of our Feast, to Thee, as is most fitting,

Praises and thanks we bring—our whole heart's best ;—

Jesu, be Thou our Guest.

(We always ended our meals with the Doxology of the Old Hundredth, which Christiania and Bunyan heard the birds sing in the trees of the land of Beulah.)

Fra Angelico has laid his hand on some, Holbein on many, and Rembrandt on a few ; one was the Vandyck of the Princess Balbi.

The wonderful thing about the gathering was that nearly all the faces were worthy of great painters ; the lamps were of varying alabaster, but the same flame shone through all, for they were

· Home-comers out of every change and chance . . .
Life-losers with their losses all made good,
Friends, brethren, sisters of Lord Jesus Christ.

They all look so cheerful and gently happy, but when anyone goes I often hear from some friend what a hard life she has, how she lives with a want-wit relation, or has no job, or no health.

One said, ' I've had no home and no roots since I broke down in my work some years back, but I have a big home-root here, and I hate to go.' Another said, ' I've such a busy, hurried life with my husband and children, and often no servants ! I don't know how I should get through if it wasn't that I have in my heart the pictures of this place of peace.'

Some Baptists left last week, without saying anything about it, to go to Boston to be confirmed. I do not wonder, for the place is a wonderful object-lesson of the peace of the Church—the Church which, as Newman said, should be the home of the lonely.

We have Prime and Compline daily, which puts us in touch with the Church of all the ages ; and there is a beautiful but very simple chapel, so that people don't go saying their prayers all about the house, which is a comfort ; but one hears the rustle of the Lord's garment in and out of every room, and we meet Him at every meal, where we sit at a long, one-sided table as at the Holy Supper.

The house is as unecclesiastical as Bethany must

have been: M.B.H. the House-mother reads the offices in the voice Mary would have had, and sees to everyone's needs as Martha would have done, but with Mary's spirit of peace.

The atmosphere is partly 'Parables from Nature,' partly 'Fairy Tales' (for the surroundings are so free and wood-sy, that any fairy would be glad to live here), partly 'Legenda Monastica,' where the lady so puzzled the bishop, because she kept no ecclesiastical rules, and yet

The sun shone on her house by day,
By night the moonbeams fair,
And, as of old in Israel,
'Twas never darkness there . . .

Yet unto her seemed life
More like a child's long game of play
Than a Christian's weary strife.

At last the bishop, puzzled by her seeming self-indulgence, asks :

Lov'st thou not mickle Christ our Lord ?

and she answers :

He is my Lord, my Love, my All,
The Sweetness of my way ;
In Him I take my rest by night,
In Him I work by day.

And then ' he blessed her with a blessing high, ere on his way he sped.'

The main objects of the Society are to help its companions to keep in an atmosphere of prayer while engaged in secular work or depressed by ill-health ; to give a sense of companionship to lonely people,

and to provide an opportunity of spiritually helpful community life during the summer months. Incidentally, as part of the helps to that life, a yearly retreat is held, followed by a short conference on either a devotional subject or social work.

Originally it was only a band of friends united for intercession, with no unity of place, and kept together by the head's personality. But the possession of this summer-house has developed a social work of companionship, which will hold it together, without the link of any individual. Those who enter must be 'clubbable' people who will help to make the house into a home; they each live their own life but feel responsible for seeing that others are not lonely or neglected, and they must make an effort to pass some part of each year here if possible. They feel responsible for attending the services and harmonising with the general tone of the place; and for doing kindnesses, when they can, to companions out in the world. But it is all the quiet kindness of early Christians.

There are practically no rules, but the Society is full of suggestive lines of prayer, of service, and of deepening the spiritual life. Bishop Brent, who was formerly one of its chaplains, said that its great appeal to him lay in the fact that it emphasised the spirit instead of dwelling on the letter of the law.

It dwells on the great things of life—the brotherhood of man and the unity of Christ's Church. It lays stress, not on offices or rules of prayer, not even on special resolves or virtues, but on two great tempers of mind—intercession and thankfulness.

Channing said of heaven, 'it is a temper, not a place'; and this is true of the society. It carries you away into the hill country, where you breathe finer air and have a wider outlook; where you are reminded of the many larger souls who are ahead of you, the sound of whose footsteps heartens you to keep up better in your march.

My 'window opens to the sun-rising and the pilgrim sleeps till break of day,' when a glorious sunrise comes up from the sea, of which you catch a silver gleam beyond the fields (strewn with the single trees that Wordsworth loved) and the distant salt marshes so dear to Sidney Lanier :

As the Marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God ;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the Marsh-hen flies,
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the Marsh and
the skies ;

By so many roots as the Marsh grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold of the greatness of God :
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within,
The range of the Marshes, the liberal Marshes of Glynn.

I have come off through the pinewoods to write this letter, past the Spring of St. Francis (which was blest in procession last year when the house was opened), up the hillside, over carpets of pine-needles and juniper, rich with golden rod, and the barbary whose long arms are hung with coral. Here I am, at a low stone wall, where a squirrel with a red tail sits on the top 'and half forgives my being human.' But *he* is human, for he is off now, jerking his tail with such ridiculous stiff precision that I detect his human sense of having an audience.

The house-boy has just appeared over the wall in search of a woodchuck, which he says is called a ground hog in the South, where it is held good eating. It is like a large brown cat, and eats grass and beans, so that he shoots it on behalf of the garden. He has told me the names of all the plants, adding that spiders and snakes are *his* enemies, and that a black snake a yard long came out once, just where I am sitting, but that he 'reckons *I* don't mind them.' He has now leapt the wall in his long-limbed, lithe way and gone on to the spring.

He was busy carrying luggage on the first day, and looked very Venetian with his jersey and sun-tanned arms. He took a short cut through the chapel with one box, and found the tall Botticelli angel at her quarter-of-an-hour's intercession. She rose to help him, and when they got to the door and he could speak, he looked very shamefaced, and muttered, 'O Miss, was you "to meetin' "? I'm *so* sorry.'

The short turf is soaked in sunshine, and every leaf is dancing so joyfully in the gentle yet crisp autumn air, that I can hardly bear to bring my mind indoors to tell you of our conference, though it was a wonderful experience.

The epistle for the week was about diversity of gifts and unity of spirit; and whether I have, or have not, seen the vision of the New England conscience, I have seen an abiding vision of the spirit of the new heavens and the new earth.

Every good cause would surely march to victory

if it had a praying legion like these women here. Everyone seems to take for granted that an *opposing view* means a possibly *complementary revelation*, so they like to hear it to full advantage and to give it full attention.

The daily half-hour of intercession must have been the secret of it. It was led by each in turn, and the opponents met daily in the 'Large Room,' where our Lord listens to the heart of all desires striving to express themselves in His Name, so that all were reminded of that unity of spirit, in which differences both flourish and harmonise.

I saw an extreme instance this year, as the subject of the conference happened to be 'Social Justice,' which rallied the knot of Socialists and Pacifists, who are a strong but small group, among the large body of quiet church workers, and lonely or 'shut in' people who join the society to gain a sense of fellowship in intercession and thanksgiving.

In the opening address the head said:

We have had two conferences in which we said hard things of the well-to-do. I would suggest that this one be followed by constructive work on ourselves and our own outlook. Let us spend a year in studying what the Gospels teach us as our duty to others. The thief is the only person we are sure to meet in Paradise, if we get there; and as to women taken in adultery, the largest heart I ever knew was in one of these. Our study of human relations is defective, but we are developing a new social conscience, and this conference should be a clarion call to awaken us. Christ is asking us, 'Will ye also go away?'

Dr. Mackenzie, the head of the great Congregationalist Theological Seminary at Hartford, gave us

a fine speech on how, 'through the war, God has raised the level of the world's ideas.'

For one thing, the world's conscience has woke up about war, which used to seem in the natural course of events. Man's conscience will never again allow aggressive war: a fire of moral indignation has been kindled, which now condemns it, as much as murder or theft.

Patriotism is undergoing a subtle change: it used to mean boastfulness and land-hunger; but now soldiers are being taught to fight to help the world.

Notice also the great wave of pity for the small nations, which is a new thing in the world, and how the mind of God is being set before us all the world over in the idea of the Red Cross.

The President has been accused of high falutin' because of the purified and elevating patriotism in his letters. He has always shown it from the days of Mexican difficulties onwards; the tone of those letters shows the mind of Christ at work in the world, as does the broad, divine, generous outlook of the Allies, none the less Christlike because mingled with (righteous) self-preservation.

Heaven must be as near in the Old World as in the New; though it is hard to believe it here, when the sun sets behind the great cross, leaving a long crimson glow all along the horizon, as if the curtain of heaven had been a little drawn up—that curtain with its orange border melting into pale green and then into primrose, and then twilight blue, shot with a few stars. Then suddenly comes night, and the moon bathes all in a broad sweep of silver light as clear as day.

Yes, surely, this is the gate of heaven! and one kneels in reverence and admiration before the larger spirit of the New World as felt here. Industrial

strife exists, and some of the old seven deadly sins may flourish, when transplanted in a new soil, as vigorously as watercress did in New Zealand or rabbits in Australia. But these things no more touch the grandeur of the new ideals which New England shows to England than England's sins constitute England's soul.

But the mounting sun gives back a shadow to the great cross, suggesting thoughts of the earthly shadows, which are bound up with unearthly ideals: more especially, the difficulty to an English mind of feeling quite real in talking of them.

St. Francis de Sales murmurs, 'Do not play at being angels while you are still only men and women.' Goethe enforces him by a warning that 'the greatest of all mistakes is trying to live an unconditioned life in a thoroughly conditioned world.' And I seem once more to be in Oxford, walking back from the early service at St. Giles' with Miss Wordsworth, having just heard of Mr. Jowett's death, and hearing her say, 'Dear man, he loved tea as well as any of us, but he always would think that one could drink it without a teacup.'

An ordinary English mind, brought up on the Church Catechism and Carlyle's theory of cleaning one's own doorsteps, is apt to think that visions of universal peace or unity are university work; and that mankind, being still in the kindergarten, gets nearer to those possibilities the more closely it sticks to kindergarten work.

But I got a shrewd thrust from some one who came up saying, 'I hear internationalism leaves you

cold !'—' Well, things are so much in the melting-pot that one may as well sweep out one's own doorstep and wait.'—' But why not think out bigger things ? '—' Why not be satisfied to *live* out the best of one's own church and one's own nation ? If we all draw nearer Christ, all divisions will have to melt away in the future.'—' But why not think and plan for that hope now ? Go on cleaning up the duties in the bottom of your box, if you will, but leave the lid off : then you *may* come to a larger life even here.'

When I leave this home of St. Francis I may find out that America is human, but so far it is holy ground. I admire these people with all my heart ; I disagree with most of their opinions, but I kiss the hem of their garment. They have the most extraordinary power of discussing without bitterness,—of arguing for truth, not victory,—that I ever saw : I can now better understand how heaven can hold all parties.

Their founder is a great lady and a great saint, and rules with the air of an amused child. When she is canonised she will have a hammer and a little roll of wire as her emblems, for she is always tightly clasping one in each hand, because she 'daren't put a thing down, as everyone in this house is so dreadfully tidy.' She worried me at first by my consciousness of some strong family likeness which I could not place ; but it is cleared up now, as I recognise that some ancestress must have been one of those court ladies of Louis XIV who took shape as charming fairies in Madame D'Aulnoy's stories.

She takes a firm stand in all problems on the fact that she has lived with five brothers in an atmosphere where, if she were thrown from her horse, the comment was not 'Poor darling, how terrible!' but 'Upon my word, Emily, I should have thought that after all these years you would have known how to sit a horse.'

But there is the bell for intercession, so I must go. I wish you could kneel beside me in that broad, low, wooden chapel. The lattice windows are low and open widely, so that I can almost put my face into an apple-tree in the middle of a hymn, and watch the birds who come to listen to our reinforcement of their choir.

There is a special tree of rosy apples (suggesting Eden and dai Libri's pictures at Verona), which you see through the unpainted window as you kneel at the altar. It stands close to the great cross outside on the east wall which was dedicated last week, when we walked in procession, singing 'The Royal Banners' and 'Faithful Cross above all others,' while the apples listened joyfully to all that was sung of the tree where God was reigning.

There is a freshness and newness in the blue of the sky here which excites you in a way peculiar to itself. 'I make all things new' seems to ring out from all the beauty here; and yet you feel so at home with their English lanes and Italian hills and ancient church hymns, that you realise how the newness of heaven may mean the transformation—not the loss—of what you have loved already.

II

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, AS SEEN IN NEW ENGLAND HOMES

Bar Harbor

I HAVE had an absolutely perfect week with the most delightful of hostesses lavishly providing pleasant engagements.

When I arrived I had a most delicious supper, but hidden in such lovely masses of sweet pea and cornflower and red leaves, that you quite forgot what you were eating, which was a real pity. I take everything new—varied salads, corn in the cob—and it is all so good. A very charming girl here laughs at me, and says I am to write to her when I begin to see drawbacks to America. At present I have not found any.

I go on living in the Pilgrim's Progress. I have just come from the simplicity of Franciscan poverty, and here there is the simplicity of Franciscan wealth : no one values anything over much, in the one case because they can't have it, and in the other because they can. The ground being thus cleared, everyone is free to talk at once about real things, and they all talk charmingly, with the most curious detachment from circumstances.

Everyone who came to the house was doing great things in some big cause of religion, missions,

education, &c. They thrive on work, for I never once guessed ages rightly. A stately, handsome genius of New England seemed to me sixty-five, which cut her short of twenty years; while we dined with two quite young women of seventy-five and eighty-five, who were so radiantly happy in having so much to give and share, that all the wealth around them seemed absolutely Franciscan.

The walks and drives by fiord and mountain—especially in the evening at Jordan's Pond—were a wonderful setting for all those delightful people.

In the train to Boston,
September 19, 1916: .

On my return journey the train went off the rails, and just missed turning over into the little brook murmuring among grass and fern and golden-rod. Perfect silence reigned, but when I began to wonder at our long stay, I found most of the passengers were sitting on the grass, gazing silently at the railwaymen, who were debating whether to telephone for us to be taken back to Bar Harbor, or for a train to pick us up from a junction just in front. After two hours they settled on the last idea, and we are now waiting another hour at the junction.

A Roman Catholic priest stood beside me and, true to my plan of tasting all new dishes, I began discussing the Final Unity of Christendom, and greatly admired the urbanity and dignity with which he gave me to understand that the Church avoided emotion—refused to have whole congregations converted by one sermon (probably for one day only),

or to have needy men following those who would support them.

‘If God turns the heart of any to ask us for instruction we give it—an ordered course with no emotion. Then we ask if they desire baptism of their free-will, and if so, we give it; but we can do nothing for them unless God stirs their heart to ask. We do not seek them out, or even put a board of invitation at our door. Our cross invites all the world.’

‘You would seek the foreign heathen. Why don’t you seek the heathen in this land who has no desire for God?’

‘No! every man in this land knows about God and can come in search of Him if he will. We receive him if he comes, but there is no need to seek him.’

‘St. Paul spent his life in seeking.’

‘Yes! that was the right method for St. Paul in that day, but not for us in ours. People are touched and they come—though, of course, the rich are selfish and frivolous.’

‘Forgive me, but I have been with the rich this last week, and one of the reasons for which I most admire your great country is the way the rich are busy, as far as I have seen, in helping the world by real hard work as well as money.’

(One has to stand in a man’s skin before one can tell what his words spell. The ghost of the Caesars had to be on his guard against giving a presumably slanderous Protestant a handle for suspecting him of proselytising.

He could not tell that I would (metaphorically) have thrown my arms round his neck, had he expressed, what he very likely felt, a burning desire to seek out lost sheep, instead of preferring to wait in state, to be sought.)

At this juncture up came a stray railway carriage sent to transfer us. I found the priest was just behind me, telling a man that he had met a lady with an English accent who was very favourably impressed with the country.

His friend said he had come from the New York strike, and was, as always, so much impressed by the stand for law and order made by the Roman Catholic Church. 'You thoroughly understand what is due to Caesar, and you always enforce it.' 'Yes,' said the priest, preening himself, 'we always tell the people to obey.'

A Merchant Prince

August 5, 1917.

I have the honour of staying with the descendant of an old New England merchant prince, a true empire builder. He was Joseph Peabody, a European as well as a Salem merchant, born in 1757. The line in his memoir which most strikes me is: 'He greatly respected everybody's rights.' Also the way in which he commanded schooner after schooner, fought the English hard, and then settled into the old merchant prince, with a fine commanding New England countenance, whose picture has been sent into my room because I have taken such a fancy to him.

He married the daughter of Dr. Elias Smith, a

great preacher, who was one day walking to meeting in cassock and bands, with his big Bible under his arm. Walking under the avenue of trees, on the grass sidewalk along the old New England street, with its singly built, wooden colonial houses, he met a boy who, according to the memoir, 'said words he could not receive.'

He took off cassock and bands and, folding them neatly, placed them on the grass, with the Bible on the top. 'Lie there, Divinity,' said he, 'till I have chastised Timothy!' Miserable Timothy!

Elias's great-granddaughter, a tall, slender, white fairy, or queen, of nearly ninety, does not come down till about ten, so I breakfast alone on the piazza, with honeysuckle climbing up the columns, and distant views of blue, 'wood-sy' country over the low, square privet hedge which closes the great velvet English lawns. They are broken by one great bed of flaming canna, and shaded by a ring of great trees near the house, whose tops give shade, while their smooth, slender trunks give free course to air and view.

Round the corner is a great pond of pink lotus, and another of water lilies, and all manner of bright flowers in little square gardens with box walls.

I love hearing about the white fairy's youth, as she sits in her pretty white lace and soft silk. She was one of a clan of some twenty cousins; the boys were at Harvard, and the girls working with clever governesses; and all spending Saturdays together on horseback, with far more fun, she thinks, than can ever be known by the 'BUDS' of to-day.

She had to paraphrase Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'

when she was seven, and read the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and know Flaxman's drawings well, under a transcendental governess.

She thinks the advantage of those days lay in the fuller intercourse of young and old, so that the young heard the older point of view instead of being herded together to invent their own ideas about things.

The Sign of the Three Cows

'O Woman of Three Cows.'—*Old Irish Ballad.*

I am staying in a most delicious home of ancient peace, lying in a hammock under a great tree, watching the lights and shadows on the garden, which is rich in flowering trees, turf, and waving grasses; a long brick walk goes by shallow steps up the low hill behind, bordered by great clumps of iris; on the other side of the garden there is a wonderful copy of Hampton Court Maze, which is an immense joy to the many children who come here for treats.

I have just come in from a ramble through fields of long grass and daisies, where I saw a living dash of orange flame, which is called an oriole, in a hedgerow of tall trees, through which you see a large family of cows. 'Feeble-minded cows!' observed my hostess, with a touch of human sympathy in her voice, for all cows are dear to her, but she only meant that they belonged to the mental hospital hard by. I wish you could hear her playing in the twilight—the notes fall off her fingers as naturally as dewdrops from a flower; or that you could enjoy the other music of hearing

from her friends and helpers the innumerable things she does for other people. It makes the world a better place just to know this house is in it.

When the calendar is revised, I wish they could put her in as the patron saint of Mothers in Israel ; I cannot imagine anyone filling the post better.

I was not surprised to hear that a girl wrote the other day to ask for a visit, because she had so many worries to talk over ; and that she left without mentioning them further than by saying on the last day, ' I always forget when I am here that there are such things as worries in the world.'

Really, there is an extraordinary number of saints in America ! I want a cathedral of all nations, with a ' Liverpool ' window where I can have a light for each of them.

This saint shall have as her emblems a cow on one side and a lame dog on the other. What puzzles me in my scheme (which takes much thought to carry out in full) is that saints should have the emblems of their *sufferings*. Now this saint finds her *happiness* in curing lame dogs ; so we must put the lameness without the dog, like the grin without the cat.

I had no difficulty about choosing the cow, and I must have one like those on the tower of Laon Cathedral, which carried all the stone for the building up the hill, and, strange to say, were gratefully remembered. Under that window shall be put :

Peaceful as eyes of pastured cattle,

which will please the saint, since she has two hundred and fifty cows, and is personally fond of each.

I do not wonder, for they must have very beautiful minds if surroundings have any power, as they are washed and milked twice a day, in a house that any baby might be proud to live in.

King Philip

Bristol, Rhode Island,
December 22, 1916.

The town is chiefly one long street of detached houses, whose gardens open on to the great estuary, with old piers and boats that remind you of Appledore and Bideford in Devonshire. In the evening I listened to a friend—‘a pair of friends, though she was young,’ who read me interesting, furious letters from an angry pacifist, who despises America for not fighting. After supper I fell foul of her for speaking scornfully and suspiciously of the rich young man; and she of me, for refusing to believe that ‘the unspiritual god “Circumstances” ’ really had power over the soul.

Continual firing on this double line of trenches went on until 2 A.M., since she is a hot fighter—vivid and rebellious.

She carried me off early to-day for a three hours’ walk to King Philip’s ‘miery swamp,’ through all sorts of bogs and brambles and colours—as she hates a beaten track of *any* description. Did you know that Weetamoe, an Indian Queen or Sachem, set off from Fall River to King Philip’s aid, but her canoe overturned on the way, and King Philip, the Indian chief, fell in ‘the miery swamp’ on August 12, 1676?

Goffe, the Regicide, lived in hiding in these swamps, dating all his letters to Increase Mather, the Pilgrim Father, from 'Ebenezer,' i.e., wherever he happened to set up his Ebenezer. In his old age the Indians attacked Hadley, and he emerged from his hiding-place with long white hair and beard, and led the whites to victory.

The House Beautiful

'The House Beautiful stood by the Wayside.'

I am staying in a typical New England village, in a typical New England house, with two sisters of the finest New England traditions, who are facing the difficulty of servants by having none—as more and more Americans are beginning to do.

This is true freedom, as all know who have tried it; but I doubt if any other house has used its freedom so lavishly in the way of hospitality to wanderers and invalids.

I am looked after as warm-heartedly as the leper was by St. Francis; and as if, to use Dean Scarlett's phrase, 'it was most rewarding work.' In all my long Pilgrim's Progress I never met with such a chamber of peace as this house.

There is a lovely view of woodland fields and distant hills, broken by a single elm of the lovely New England kind, which are shaped like a tall Venetian goblet, filled with long-stemmed flowers that fall loosely over to every side. There are two great 'scribbles of red' across the green sea you look over: one is red poison ivy on the low garden

wall, and the other a distant belt of sumach and maple.

But the house is my joy, for they built it for their mother, and you feel as you do in a garden where the flowers know that the gardener loves them each individually, and so each grows its best. In this house the walls of every room seem to be always singing, because every square inch was loved and thought of. Each picture knows that it is in its very best place. I have a delicious sitting-room all to myself, with three big windows. No! as I look round I see that they are not big, but their panes and spirit are so large that I feel only conscious of 'great spaces washed with sun.'

This afternoon we walked through pinewoods to their boat-house on the pond, which seems to me a lake. The pines were like a great cathedral, whose columns were decorated here and there with crimson festoons of poison ivy, or diversified by a yellow or pink maple. The path was soft with pine-needles, and bordered with carpets of red partridge berry, or bracken, or purple pope weed.

I enjoyed it all the more because I have thoroughly idle mornings—a cup of coffee the minute I wake, then a delicious breakfast, then the newspaper, then a sitting-room with a wood fire and an open window. Did you ever know anyone so ridiculously spoilt?

Yesterday, friends motored us for a ninety-mile drive to Chester, in New Hampshire, through loveliest New England lanes and hedgerows, at the loveliest time of autumn colour, on the sunniest day in the

year, and it added to the goodness of the luncheon that we ate it on warm hillocks of limestone jutting up in a grassy field, looking out on to the Uncanoonuc Mountains.

The simple life provides very interesting talk, as no one in this house ever talks about anything except real things. Last night we settled a plan of a year's Bible reading, and then expounded a new theory of Walt Whitman, as the prophet of this war, apropos of his *Drum Taps*. I felt he was hovering round us as 'the wronged great soul of an Ancient Master,' rejoicing that at last proper stress was being laid on his painting the greatness of American nature, as being small in comparison with the greatness of American man.

Then we had a talk on Cubists and 'Vers libres,' which led to reading of parodies and otherwise. There were no 'Cook Stories,' but, after all, in these days of National Food Conservation, that might have been too exciting a topic.

I was also told about a New England grandmother, who left a fund from which each grandchild was to receive annually a small sum which was to be spent on a toy—A Toy. It was not to go on a toy for anyone else, or for a charity, or for anything useful or necessary, but on the desire of his heart, when that desire was so foolish that conscience would not allow itself to spend any real income on it.

I shall straightway alter my will, and shall henceforth spend all sleepless nights in making a list of such friends as like toys and don't buy them already.

What fun it will be to be dead and keep watch on the toy shops! Can't you imagine my vexation when some guardian angel summons me to something really worth doing,—something which I 'ought not to miss.' However, if the Master happened to be walking down that same road in paradise, he would sympathise, and maybe stop a while and watch with me.

I heard of another family where the widowed father sent his daughters, Fanny and Jane, to buy Chinese matting. Fanny preferred it white, but she thought Jane liked the pattern; and when the man showed a figured one, she exclaimed at its prettiness. Jane voted for it to please Fanny. When it was put down, and Jane took the father up to see it, he said: 'How fine! But I should have preferred white.' 'So should I, but I did not like to disappoint Fanny.' In an hour Fanny took him up, and the dialogue ended, 'So should I, but I did not like to disappoint Jane.'

I have always venerated the 'Child's Guide to Knowledge,' but I think it might now well be followed by a 'Child's Guide to Human Nature,' and that story should be in it. I am reading the Rollo books, and know that we shall have beans and Boston brown bread for supper, because it is Saturday. That is what the Pilgrim Fathers always had, and so we do it too. It is so nice to be in a traditional, old-fashioned country. I am reading 'The Pilgrimage of Adam and David,' by J. Gallaher, an Ohio minister of 1846. It is really a life of Joab, but it also gives all Old Testament history as told by Lucifer and

Belial to a meeting of demons. It is vivid, shrewd, and reverent ; by contrast, making me feel my other book, by Guglielmo Ferrero, *Le Genie Latin et le Monde Moderne*, shallow and wordy. The grasp of the politics and war news of David's time is quite wonderful.

I am also reading a delightful *History of New England* by Cotton Mather, in two fat quarto volumes, and when I have absorbed as much New England conscience as I can hold for the moment, I find *Ayala's Angel*, by Trollope, is very soothing. When one is living in the land of the future, a dodo like Trollope has an historical interest I never realised before.

A Home of Ancient Peace

September 6, 1918.

Everyone at the Interpreter's House lost their heart to my dear St. Francis, who was here for less than a day, and was personally charming to some thirty people, finding links with everyone. She had just said good-bye to her son, but no one could have guessed the world was not all sunshine to her.

She motored me over to lunch with a Mrs. Moseley, at a most beautiful old country place near Newburyport, a real home of ancient peace which could not be beaten in England. Some miles off they have a wonderful old show place called 'Indian Hill,' with as beautiful a garden as Canon Swayne's at Salisbury, so well described in that Spenserian poem in the *Fortnightly* some twenty years ago.

It is full of old New England treasures—weapons, pictures, furniture, pots and pans, books and dress. I specially admired the blue quilted satin petticoat of the daughter of the house, who, on the original Independence Day, planted the tree still standing on the lawn.

Bethany

Putnam Elms, Brooklyn, Conn.,
September 25-30, 1916.

‘ Sweet Peace ! here dost thou dwell.’

I came here on Monday, from Sudbury in the 13th century, with its beauty of people and garden and Arthurian chapel in the wood, to a different century and country.

This is a New England Cranford—a charming old house where a Putnam grandfather threw out fresh sets of rooms to make a nest for any Aunt Elizabeth or Louisa who needed a home at the moment. This results in a delicious tangle of rooms, now woven into a modern home of rest and peace for all who need it.—But it’s true name is Bethany, for in every room you feel that the Master has just passed on to the next, after sitting awhile in quiet enjoyment of being in the house of His friends.

I thoroughly enjoy hearing about all the old relations of the past, and of the Five Acre Lot and the Eye Lot (where grandfather Brown lost his eye) ; best of all, the Nine Acre Lot, which I see from my balcony, a broad upland slope of meadow bordered by great trees. It gets all the sunrise lights and holds all the peaceful spirit of New England.

We went home down Church Street, a country lane which ran downhill so fast that you saw its long sweep of country road—of Roman straightness,—with low stone walls, bordered by grass and free-growing American elms. Beyond, on both sides, were rolling waves of country in soft autumn colours, a lovelier edition of the old Gloucestershire road from Stroud to Bisley.

We went for tea through the Acre Lots, along the causeway past the White Ladies' Wood of silver birches, and stood at the stone wall looking down over a valley with a glorious stretch of sunshine, while the cousins of the house made tea under a big oak. I never saw or felt such a persistently lovely day from start to finish; such air and colour make you drunk with happiness.

Wednesday was mere earth, and felt like Venice in a sirocco. We called on a cousin in the village, and saw her old New England chairs and china and bedspreads. I do wonder which of these many villages were like the one where 'Young Goodman Browne' lived (in the *Mosses from an Old Manse*), where sidesmen and church widows relieved the strain of the day's responsibility by stealing out at night to a witches' gathering in the forest.

Tuesday was a magic day of champagne-like, autumn air; it held the sunrise over the Nine Acre Lot, and (through orchards filled with flaming streets of apples) a drive to Pomfret, where the Oxford C.C.C. sundial, in front of the big boys' school, speaks of loyalty

True as the dial to the sun.

In the afternoon came a walk to the old church, built by a grandfather for his personal use, because he was too proud a churchman to pay any contribution to the Congregational Church in the town—which was his alternative.

The prayer books opened by nature at either the All Saints collect or the Burial Service, the only days on which the church is used. Its gallery for the slaves made a Southern girl tell of the man who saw heaven, and inquired about some souls who were chained to the wall. ‘Oh, they’re from Virginia, and of course they’d go back if we didn’t chain them.’

The graveyard had a lovely view across a street of pale purple asters, and then a field of corn shocks, away down a broad valley with rich distances. A long epitaph (on an old rector) said at the end, with New England restraint and reserve :

He made his religious creed quite useful in daily life
And was a good man.

Another grave belonged to Anne Huntress, a coloured servant who had asked to be buried at her mistress’s feet ; and General Israel Putnam, the wolf hunter, who was brought up to lie on this shady hilltop under a grey pillar, though his wife was allowed to stay behind in Brooklyn churchyard, where they had lain side by side.

The other day I had a letter from my hostess saying, ‘I am looking out on the grasses of the Nine Acre Lot dancing in the autumn sunshine ; and the long procession of trees, yellowing towards crumbling in the October wind, as they wind up the road to the old churchyard, where lies one Godfrey Malbone,

who graduated at old Queen's College, Oxford, in 1745. Not very long ago, as you dear English count the centuries, but I like to think of all the dust in that old churchyard that links us up with England.'

Cambridge and Cotuit

I am staying with a Cambridge professor, whose clever wife reminds me of the Wingless Victory, combined with a nice Eton boy. Her brother, a delightful cavalier-looking man, from Boston, was remarking how many women typists marry their employers. 'Ah,' said my hostess, 'I suppose Tennyson had that in mind when he said,

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.'

I have had the great honour of meeting Miss Longfellow, to whose father my youth owes so much of the romantic spell of past times and far places through his love for Spain, Bruges, Norway—his Hiawatha—and his Germany of Hyperion. America in its young days owed just that same debt; and I was happy in seeing his house under the guidance of a friend who sympathised with all it meant to me, and was alive to the beauty of the past, though he knew all the modern world as well.

My neighbour at dinner said: 'I attended Royce's first lectures. He was an ill-dressed man with a queer big head, but in two weeks' time he had captivated us. His four lectures on "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy" are the greatest

contribution to modern thought.—I once walked with William James, our rival philosopher, past Royce's house, and James said, "In two hundred years' time Harvard will be remembered as the place where Royce once taught." Palmer got Lowell to offer him the Lowell Lectureship. "Are you going to do it?" said a friend; "you can't afford to give up a hundred dollars a lecture." "No, I can't; but I can still less afford to give them. Lowell's grandfather laid down that the lecturer must believe in the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, and the infallibility of the Bible. Now how on earth can I tell what Mr. Lowell's grandfather meant by the divinity of Christ?"

Some one else said, later on, 'Rome is steadily gaining power in America; she is as bent on world dominion as the Germans, and much cleverer in her methods. The only balance to the growing power of Rome is the growing power of the Jews.'

As to the influence of the Roman Catholics, I had a handful of their newspapers given me in the Middle West, and I was greatly struck by their excellent lead about morals, spiritualism, and patriotism; so I was glad for the country that they had so large an audience.

I went to a most interesting school for small children, where in the history lesson there were cave-dwellers, tree-dwellers, and wild Indians, each with their own sand-box to construct their own world.

I continued under Cambridge influence when I went for a visit to Cotuit, where there is a summer colony of Cambridge and Boston people, mostly related. A professor was there whom I met last

autumn when he was starting off as 'exchange professor' among the Middle West endowed colleges (this Exchange is a New England influence, standing for religion and humanities alongside of the scientific State schools and universities). I could not get him to generalise on the differences. He probably felt I did not know enough about them to deserve any real information. I was reminded of a learned English professor who was asked by his unlearned sister, 'Ought I to call those people Kelts or Celts?' 'Be sure to call them Celts, my dear—you don't know enough about them to call them Kelts.'

A very pleasant judge from the Middle West was more ready to generalise: he is disturbed by the universal free education, which is drawing everyone into intellectual spheres of ambition, so that manual work gets neglected. I quoted the Catalonian saying, 'You a lady, I a lady. Who shall drive the pigs afield?' But it seemed to give him little comfort.

He went on to say, 'I was in Africa when Oom Paul tried to make trouble, and I said, "If Johnny Bull is ever in a real scrap, you take my word for it, Uncle Sam will be there alongside of him." And now it's come true. But he'd get along anyhow, for a true Englishman, though he is unobtrusive, is sure to get wherever he sets out for, and to make good when he gets there.'

On Sunday we went to the Congregational Church. How dutiful New England Congregationalism feels! I carried off a good verse of a hymn:

Dear Lord, and must we ever live
At this poor dying rate!

It was by Watts, but that second line was wonderfully vigorous and modern.

In the afternoon the Judge's baby was baptised by a Congregational minister. There was a nice family group of friends on the hearthrug, with the father holding his own baby, and a service of good extracts from our book, with the sponsor part translated into 'You parents, by bringing her here, undertake that your home life shall bring her to know God and to lead her to a Christian life.' I wish we had that in our Prayer Book.

I am demanding of my hosts to teach me what American humour is, because I am told it is too subtle for English brains to take in. One says frankly she would have called it cheap, but Professor Ropes says he thinks the flavour of national humour is always somewhat subtle, and more or less dull to every other nation (although I read *Penfold and Sam*, by Booth Tarkington, with intense enjoyment, finding it almost first cousin to *Tom Sawyer*). They agreed that Mark Twain and Artemus Ward are old-fashioned, and that I had better look for genuine American humour in comic newspapers.

Professor Ropes was saying also that he thinks England and America are coming much nearer in humour, as in both countries a pointed story takes the place of eloquence in any speech, if you want to drive home a point.

It strikes me, in studying those comic papers and other authorities, that while, before Mayflower days, our ancestors legislated against profane swearing, we nowadays halve the phrase—the

Britisher keeps the swears, and the American takes the profanity.

Cragston on the Hudson

October 24, 1916.

The line from St. Louis to Albany goes through rolling prairie lands, with shocks of corn and stray houses instead of Leather Stockings and Uncas, and I arrived at a most home-like, small-big country house, which looks as if the chairs and tables and rooms had found their place because somebody had wanted them *just there*, and were so comfortable, because the owner cared so very much that everyone about her should be happy.

The next day was so brilliant, the colours would need Lady Waterford to paint them. I was taken to the chapel at West Point. It is like St. George's at Windsor, with banners all down the nave. It is dark, but rich light comes through the big east window, with small scenes of fighting saints, such as Cornelius, the Centurion, David and Jonathan, with *Duty, Honour Country*, running across below.

I never heard such an organ, and as Parsifal streamed out, with all its feeling of youth and high ideals, the place seemed full of the new army of a new chivalry; and then came the Commandant bringing Ian Hay (representing the English of the first 100,000 joining the American boys!), and Colonel Gorgas, who achieved the Panama Canal. I wouldn't for the world have missed that meeting of Old and New; it felt as if 'White knights who follow the Christ' were trooping through the chapel.

At Westpoint (i.e. Woolwich and Sandhurst) the boys have four years of the life here (two without any break), and each congress man can send some one (free), so they represent all states and all classes. Plato must rejoice in such education among these hills of gold and brown and red, with the great river. I never saw such ideal surroundings.

Miss Louise Lee Schuyler and her sister came to dinner. She had been one of the leaders of the relief organisation in the Civil War; and gave a wonderful account of those times in a speech she made lately at the opening of a great public school in New York, named after herself in recognition of all her public work, both in the war and in the New York State Charities Aid Association.

It was a delightful page of old history to hear of her visit to England in the 'sixties, when she met with such women as Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Anna Swanwick, Madame Bodichon, Mrs. Josephine Butler, and Mary Carpenter. She went on to her visit of the 'eighties, when she met Mrs. William Grey, Miss Shirreff, Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Caroline Stephen, Miss Julia Wedgwood, Lady Mount Temple, Miss Maud Stanley, Miss Octavia Hill, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Harriet Martineau and George Eliot. I had been reading her life of Mrs. Hobson, a picture of a charming American full of large good works—and of society. Also her sister's book on the Schuyler House at Albany (where Alexander Hamilton was married), which they have now made a national memorial. They were some of the most charming people of the old school I ever met, and ardent sym-

pathisers with England, to whom there is a most beautiful tribute in the preface to 'Mrs. Hobson's Life.'

Colonel Arthur Woods, head of the New York Police, was staying here. He gave a delightful account of the Christmas parties he has instituted, given by his police for the slum children on their beats. Parents are allowed to come, and sit round watching the children playing games and getting toys from the 'Cops.' Two big fatherly police (with a Tammany record in the past) brought turkeys on their own account, and made a supper party for parents at their station. I asked if it had altered the children's point of view, and he said 'Not much, but it has had full effect on the parents.' He told me of one of his men going into his reporting office and the boss asking, 'Is there anything to report on your beat?' 'Only that I found a dead horse in Kosiusko Street.' 'Sit down and report it.' After a bit the man lifted his head, and said, 'How do you spell Kosiusko?' 'That's your business, not mine.' 'All right,' said he, 'I'll be back soon.' (On his return.) 'Where have you been?' 'Oh, I just went to drag the horse into Main street.'

The Jacob Wendell House

For real New England, go to Portsmouth in New Hampshire, full of lovely old wooden colonial houses, with columned porches and dormer roofs. You will find the town a truer picture than Bath, of Jane Austen's day. May you have the luck to lunch at

the old 'Governor Wentworth's House' out in the country, and to stay at the Jacob Wendell House. It is the modern living house of the ninth descendant of the first owner, and is entirely filled with old New England treasures, ranging from the bedsteads with their delicate columns and testers with transparent, open-work curtains, to a set of musical glasses. These are like a large square mahogany plate-chest, holding rows, in ordered heights, of tall vases filled with water; on these you tap with little hammers and can play old-fashioned melodies as sweetly as the Angel Echo in Pisa Baptistery.

Get the owner to share with you even a few of his old stories and diaries, and you may then take ship homewards as you will have *felt* New England, especially if you find fellow guests of the Boston of thirty years ago to give you mingled wit and wisdom and kindly scandal—no ! gossip—of that golden age.

III

THE SPIRIT OF NEW ENGLAND

God made the Country

‘ I dwell among my own People.’

I AM sitting out on the big veranda, feeling as if I were on a large green island, about as wide as the tongue of land at Sirmione. On one side the island ends abruptly in a golden cornfield, as if below it were a great Swiss valley. I dare say it is such a one as where a Virginian in the mountains explained his tied-up hand by saying he had that morning had the bad luck to fall out of his cornfield. (I think it was the same man who, in explaining a distance to a friend of mine, said ‘ It wasn’t far—only about two yells and a stone’s throw.’)

A few tree tops come up from this hidden valley, and beyond stretch range after range of Italian—or land of Beulah—hills, where shadows and sunlight ‘ march and counter-march ’ away into far distances.

It is not a wide view, for it is bounded by woodland tangle, some hundred yards in front of me, beyond a grassy level, which contains a perfectly unreasonable little square garden.

This garden has low stone walls and a stone fountain in the middle. Vines grow in a tangle over

the walls, while old fruit-trees look over and throw apples at the straggling autumn flowers in the borders at the edge, and at the little grass square round the fountain, chequered with autumn leaves, which really constitutes the main part of the garden. A small wooden archway leads out into the thicket—mostly sumach trees, which make red tracery against the background of maple and white birch.

The garden is so old-fashioned that you expect to see in it a little statue and altar to friendship, of two hundred years ago; but instead you see my hostess carrying a big basket of apples. She has a pale blue coat, with lots of warm hair:—I am not sure whether it is red or yellow, but, anyway, it gives out sunshine, and I feel that her real name is Curly Locks.

If you look away from her (and she has just vanished into the house behind, in quest of some impossible wants, which might conceivably make me more comfortable than I am—the which is *inconceivable*, but that's Her Way!), you will look across another valley on the right, where a magic window opens on to Scotch moors and hills, which are just going to be 'painted over' as American, by means of the oaks turning scarlet.

I look at these moors through the great trunks of gnarled old maples, which make an avenue on this right-hand side of the island. At night they look ghostly and stately in the moonlight, and the full moon rises over the dip in the hills that makes a centre to the moors.

I take back my word about those 'wants,' as they

prove conceivable after all, since she has brought out (along with a big basket to hunt up eggs) a fairy-green rug from the Otterburne Mills, some paper-weights (a quite original idea and most useful), and a hot-water bottle; for an autumn wind is blowing, and I had half feared I should have to go in.

Even so, I should have done well, for I should have sat by a blazing wood fire in the long white living-room with its big table. This opens into a delicious little old panelled white parlour, matching the kitchen on the other side, though, I am thankful to say, every room and door are set at angles which match *nothing*. Every room has access to some winding old staircase, by which you can escape Indians (or visitors from the village three miles off) in quite separate ways, and lose the track to your own room when you get to the top.

The house was built as a manse for old Parson Levett before the revolution, and he used to inspect the 'lumber' his parishioners sent him, and 'turn it down' if it were not sound. (I am told there are no good English expressions for 'turn down,' 'make good,' and 'win out.' Can you suggest any?)

The Manse, Mass.,

October 2, 1917.

Last night it rained, so we sat in the parlour by a wood fire. We read 'Mrs. Blackett' aloud, and then Curly Locks played our war litany hymns. On other nights I have had a long chair on the piazza, and watched the Phantastes moonlight on the old Scotch hills in the distance, through the great black tree trunks.

Yesterday we went to the village church, and as I glanced round at the inhabitants of the hamlet, who looked exactly as if they were its forefathers (but not 'rude,' only stern), I realised better what some one had said about the stern uncompromisingness of New England parents as to cards and dancing and the Sabbath, and the consequent difficulty of keeping young people 'on the land.'

The minister told us that 'nowadays some people actually raised doubts as to the authenticity of certain books in the Bible, so he felt it his duty to explain exactly what, first, the Old Testament, and secondly the New, really consisted of.' We then had a simple, clear account of exactly what Moses and everyone else wrote: just what I learnt out of Miss Yonge's 'Chosen People' many years ago in New Zealand.

I enjoy driving through the village with Curly Locks, for every man, woman, and child—not to say cat and dog—smiles at her *wil*-fully, broadly, almost loudly, as she goes by; so that I feel as if she was reconciling classes and unifying America by merely living here, and collecting apples and eggs, and presiding at the farmers' co-operative exchange, and speaking at the weekly church meeting; helping at the old home week, when the native-born collect from all over America, if they can, to meet in a church service, where they sing hymns and tunes of three generations back.

She also works at the farmers' gatherings (a show of all the local industries), and is getting up a hall for village boys to play in when they come for the mail on Saturday evenings, &c., &c. Also, the house is

generally full of nieces, or overworked teachers, or invalid clergy wives.

She will be going into Boston next week for the winter, and then comes her Sunday class for Trinity Church (for she is a child of Phillips Brooks); her efforts to work up Boston for the Penn School of Agriculture, which teaches negroes in South Carolina (her heart is almost more in them than in New England); while foreign missions make a very large pull upon her.

No one admires more than I do the wave of service which is sweeping over America, and raising the standard of every boy and girl you meet; but I do feel as if some people do national service by keeping alive the country that is being fought for, and in maintaining its old traditions. I suppose in England I shall come in for the Revolution, but in this steady-going conservative land I feel as if lives like Curly Locks were still useful! As a very shrewd old woman said after reading 'Red Pottage': 'In spite of Miss Cholmondeley's books, I cannot help believing that *some* children are still born in lawful wedlock'; and I cannot help believing that the Church Catechism (of course, in a retranslation) will, in future days, be found in some New England villages.

October 8, 1917.

We went for a day's drive to Deerfield, the most typical of old New England villages, and took with us two ladies whose great - great - great - grandfather, Colonel John White, was the first settler here. We went to tea with them the day before in a charming

old house. They put tea-blossoms into the teapot, for a Chinese ambassador gave a packet to their great-aunt, and they use a few on great occasions. They also gave us maple sugar. 'I get the sugar from the woods in spring,' said one. 'Until you have done it yourself, you have no idea what poetry there is in it. I never taste it without smelling the violets and arbutus which push their way out of the snow from under a carpet of brown autumn leaves.'

Our drive took us over the Mohawk Trail, one of the loveliest mountain roads in the whole country ; and to Deerfield, the loveliest and most typical of New England villages. Yet it stands out in my mind almost more for the great patch of fringed gentians with which it has enriched my memory.

As I looked up the one street of Deerfield, a long, broad avenue of detached colonial houses with great trees, I felt chiefly impressed by a sense of the shrewd wisdom dwelling in each house. (I had been shown a book of Yankee wit and wisdom written by one of the inhabitants. The only bit I can remember is, 'Some are born spinsters, but old maids are all right when they once leave off struggling.')

Deerfield has terrible memories of Indian raids. On one occasion 'the virtuous and desirable consort of the minister' was scalped ; and Eunice, the little daughter of seven, was carried off. The chief married her, and some years later they paid a visit to the manse. Eunice went to church in ordinary dress to please her father, but it so distressed her husband that she had to spend the rest of Sunday in moccasins and a blanket.

Such conflict of dress made a return to the wilderness desirable, but they all remained on friendly terms. When (according to legend) the little Dauphin escaped from the Terror, he was sent for safety to the minister, who was a French loyalist. He was sent for safe hiding to Eunice, and she brought him up to be a country minister in Canada.

The Concords

To all who love Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau, Concord is holy ground. The little old graveyard on the hillside, crushed in behind houses, holds the full feeling of it; so sit there as long as you can, after you have wandered out to the Old Manse and saluted the Minute Man,¹ standing on guard at the old North Bridge close by. But I must not describe, for you have surely read the wonderful preface to *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

I half wonder whether you should go to the graveyard of Sleepy Hollow, for though it has great beauty yet (unlike the rest of Concord) it has no spell. However, if you do, perhaps you may share my luck, and see a scarlet tanager flash past French's great monument of the Mourning Victory.

Try to go on Memorial Day, when, in every New England graveyard, all the countryside gathers to bring flowers to the graves of the soldiers who died in the Civil War. At Concord the band plays national airs at the war monument in the great central square. Every smallest village has the figure of a soldier as a war monument.

¹ The volunteers of 1776 pledged to service at a minute's notice.

When everyone is collected, the roll call is read of all the Concord soldiers ; those who are living stand out to answer to their names, and then the band leads the crowd to Sleepy Hollow to honour the dead.

Concord can teach lessons of life as well as of death, and made me realise the Franciscan ideal of life, which always used to seem to me a pretty twittering of St. Francis's birds.

I was quite sound in his faith to the extent of holding that to spend a shilling on self when sixpence would do, deserved excommunication when the world was lying in misery. But somehow I had never connected the unromantic taking a bus instead of a taxi with St. Francis's girdle. It merely seemed common sense and common decency (in a needy world) to act on the advice :

Never spend 1s. where 6d. will do ;
Never spend 6d. where 1s. is due.

But I woke up to St. Francis when I heard of the Concord town council, which met in the 'thirties to rebuke one of the citizens for putting a tiny bow-window on to his little colonial house (next door to what is now the big inn). They sent him a letter of remonstrance at spending so much on self when Christ's kingdom needed spreading and the world was full of want.

That a town council, not a religious body, should have such a standard, fired my imagination, and I suddenly read truly the Franciscan gospel of achieving social brotherhood, by each man and woman living a brotherly life in his or her natural surround-

ing, and refraining from bow-windows unless their beauty would be a real assistance to a brother's soul.

To follow out Concord ideas, you must also pilgrimage to Lexington, where stands French's even finer statue of the Minute Man on the green where the first battle was fought.

My hostess (of the *Lame Dog*) took me for a drive round Concord and Lexington, though half fearing that the words on the monuments might hurt my English pride. I said that, on the contrary, they would add to it, as the minute men are the ideal Anglo-Saxon boys who are common to us both.

I felt that touch of unity of race in yet another way when I went on to Concord in New Hampshire. There, at St. Paul's school, in front of the library, stands the figure of a young soldier, with the initiative and vigour of the Minute Man, yet with something added of disciplined restraint; and that touch of educated obedience to orders seemed to make him the ideal of the gallant boys of Oxford

Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.

It was curious that when I went the other day to the Student Volunteer Centre in London, I noticed a splendid photograph of a fourth young man, and found it was the Princeton statue of the ideal Student Volunteer.

St. Paul's School, with its beautiful surroundings and chapel, should be seen by all who want to know the real America, and they should read John Jay

Chapman's sketch of the wonderful personality of its founder, Dr. Coit. His electricity—both positive and negative—must have been unique; the school inherits spiritually from most forceful and unworldly ancestry, while the present generation are more fortunate still. Dr. Drury, the headmaster, is known to the world by his writings, speeches, *and* boys, so I will not describe him, though I should like to mention that in a chapel sermon of his (he being a true Tribune of the People) I heard exactly the point of view about the rich that I so often felt sad at missing. His text was:

‘When saw we Thee hungry, or in prison?’ You boys will have power and influence in the world, and it behoves you to keep open eyes for the needs of every poorer brother; but I would have you remember that in judging richer brothers of to-day, other questions may be added, such as: ‘When saw we thee trying to use riches well, and imputed bad motives?’ ‘When saw we thee far-sightedly firm, and called it hardness?’

But to me the Mecca of American schools will always be Dr. Peabody's School at Groton. Here I had past links of friendship, and the school was a second home to me while in America. I know and love it so well that I am hampered in saying all I feel about it; but I have not got to rely entirely on my own impressions, for Old Boys were always turning up, and it was good to hear from ^{them} them what they felt the school gave (over and above the school work) of manliness, religion, and ideals of home life. The hundreds of photographs on the walls of Dr. Peabody's study gave a wonderful idea of the noble regiment of Minute Men who are serving America under the Groton colours.

The boys get really *alive* teaching here, and learn the ideas and duties of to-day as well as solid training by the learning of the past. They combine with this the old English ideal of a sturdy, sportsmanlike, 'public schoolboy'; and are also made part of a home life that must show every boy an ideal of what he can aim at in forming his own future home.

It is all given in a beautiful surrounding, which must be no small part of the influence of the school. It is built round a green *campus*, which during the war glowed with Indian corn (as the boys did their 'bit' manfully in farming). The main living part of the school lies round one side of this, looking across to the great chapel inspired by Magdalen. Side by side with this stands the School House (the class rooms) with its golden dome, recalling Boston State House—ideals of Church and State side by side.

The circle of buildings is broken on the north-east, and across the playing field you get a glorious wide and distant view of Monadnoc and its brother mountains.

Chapel, home, school, and playing fields each play their full and proportioned part in making a Groton Boy.

A pilgrim from Concord should also go to Fruitlands, where a national piece of work has been done by Miss Clara Endicott Seers, by recalling the Alcotts' house in its old life as it was when it was the centre of New England idealism.

It would be a wonderful preservative of a nation's heritage of ideals if its prophets' chambers could

oftener be thus dealt with by some prophet and seer with the rare gift of evoking the passion of the past, who escapes the dead hand of the museum collector, and yet gives us the material surroundings of the past which have such curious telepathic power over us.

I wish her story could have been phonographed for succeeding generations, as she passed on room by room, pointing out the interest of this and that relic, weaving each into the soul's history of the prophet, whose own disciples could not have entered more into his spirit.

What most brought to me a sense of past days was the notch at the kitchen door, by which, when liable to Indian raids, the housewife could tell the time at noon by opening the door enough to let the sun fall on this rude sun-dial. What most gave me a sense of eternal days was the picture of the wise, peaceful face of Mrs. Alcott, who had to watch her husband's vagaries of early Christian customs without the support of being herself a true believer.

I felt as if she were murmuring what Boethius said to Dante in Paradise :

Through much tribulation came I into this peace.

Under how many ' Queens of Marriage and most perfect wives ' could those words be inscribed !

The most poignantly personal touch in that magic house was the child's letter hanging in Mrs. Alcott's bedroom. The Alcotts never dealt with their children by word of mouth : they put a letter of advice and remonstrance in the bedroom for the child to think over at night, that it might put an

answering letter in the mother's room next day. Points of friction were thus removed from the irritation of daily life to self-communing with the Eternal.

No wonder that New England had such grit and poise as was seen in the Mount Vernon School of Jacob Abbott in 1829, described in *The Teacher*, a priceless and out-of-print book of 1833.

No wonder also that the swing of the pendulum, in righteous rebellion against undue introspection, has made some New England descendants rebel against even the call of duty.

But duty and grit breathe in every fibre of those four carved Minute Men, the thought of whom makes Groton school a necessary part of a Concord chapter which is trying to describe some of the spirit of New England.

Dr. Worcester, of Emmanuel Church, Boston

When I was staying at Concord Inn, I saw some hundred people arriving for luncheon, and found that the Worcester family from all over America had met for one of the family reunions which Americans are not too busy to pay honour to.

This is a bit of Old New England clanship, and may fitly introduce a reference to the most noted of that particular clan.

Dr. Worcester comes of good New England stock, where the sons are mostly doctors or parsons—the parsons have a gift for healing, and the doctors realise the power of mind in illness ; he thus inherits second sight in mental healing.

He has done wonderful work in his organisation for curing tuberculosis, among patients obliged to remain in their small town homes. His workers visit regularly, and manage to secure them fresh air for mind and body. His tracts describing this and other branches of his work, and his larger work on religion and healing, should be read by all.

A talk with him gives a strong impression of experienced and understanding common sense; so do his health classes at his Church on week-day evenings.

One of them began by a prayer, then 'Come, ye disconsolate,' then 'Fight the good fight,' then 'All hail the power.'

Then Dr. Worcester read out requests for prayer, with comments. He himself wanted a sum of money to help some one. 'This kind of prayer is an inferior one. I don't *advise* you to want something definite, and get it by concentrating your mind upon it. You may get it, and get evil along with it.'

'A.B. asks that her mountains may be made low and her valleys raised.—I suppose she wants life to be made easier.

'C.D. has a swollen ankle which has baffled five doctors, and she asks for less pain and more presence of God.'

After a few more he gave a long extempore prayer, weaving them all in. When he came to the ankle he said, 'We know that nothing which really affects our life is indifferent to Thee, no matter how small it is.'

Then an assistant gave an address on 'The Law of By-products.'

I was brought up in an old colonial house, and I was interested as a child in the old mats; I can see now the bits which had been in my mother's wedding dress, and I remember hearing it said that a bad dress often made a very good mat.

Something that misses its main purpose in life may turn into an unlooked-for success. Columbus seeks the Indies

and finds America. Alchemy looks for gold and finds chemistry. Phil. i. 12 says that St. Paul's captivity tends to the furtherance of his prayers. All these are by-products.

A spoilt boy lost an adoring mother, and the by-product was that he was made a man of. A father lost his only son, and two men who had been deaf to religion came to him after the funeral to ask where he learnt such faith and power as he had shown.

When we are down and depressed, we gain the by-product of insight and sympathy.

Nowadays, if your ear hurts, a doctor sees to your throat. Doctors and teachers work more and more by indirect methods, and so does God Himself. Our lives are full of by-products, but we must aim directly, and leave it to God to work out the unknown product.

Remember the two frogs drowning in milk : one kicked for his life, and the by-product was butter, on which he sat in safety ; the other collapsed.

New England Country

June, 1917.

Though I love the South, I am Modern ; and though I love the West, I am Puritan and New England in my bones. As I go from New London to Providence, all the joy of my first New England day comes back to me : the cherry trees, the cows, the ' Ell ' houses,¹ the young beech and birch leaves. They all look so black and white, and well drawn and self-respecting.

Yes ! I am at home again now, and don't want to go anywhere else, West or South. I like flirting with other countries, but I must come back to New England to do my sampler and learn my task, and feel the approving nod to a good child, which is worth

¹ Old Colonial houses had the kitchen built out like the foot of an L.

more to me than the graciousness of the South or the warm-hearted vigour of the West.

It's no use telling me the New England conscience is dead. Haven't I been to the Far West and seen grains of it putting extra iron even into good red Western blood; and, at intervals, turning it sour? 'We live all day in the West,' said a man in San Francisco, 'but at night we come home and remember New England, and it isn't always comfortable.'

But never mind scruples. I am looking out on a sparkling world of up and down, 'wood-sy' country, half limestone moorland, half meadow, covered with pinkish grass waving in the wind that is rustling the leaves of the young birches that crop up in the field here and there, and look silver in the breeze.

When I get off for a ramble all by myself through the woods and moors of Paradise, will there possibly be anything more radiantly beautiful than the sunshine and shadows on the hillside I have just passed—with the apple tree against the white house, the scarlet leaves on a tree, like the flame round the foreheads of the elders in the Pine Forest of Ravenna? Paradise would never mean to an American what it could to me, for they would have left such beauty behind that they would be like Emily Brontë, who dreamt she was in heaven, and woke up sobbing for her Yorkshire moors.

Elsewhere I met another side of New England in a story of Maine, which is worthy of Hawthorne in its grimness; or of Ethan Frome (which makes you shiver with a sense of cold matching that of Gervase Hastings in *Mosses from an Old Manse*).

'At a village wedding in my grandfather's day the

bride was late—merely late in dressing. The eldest sister, ten years older, stepped forward and took her place. She was a stern, domineering woman, and the village believed she had quietly planned it.'

To give another side I will quote a man who said :

I had a New England great-aunt, called Minerva Chase Barrows ; to meet her was a benediction. She was a Methodist who lived very close to God, she was very deaf, and never out of the village of New Hampshire, where she was born a hundred years ago.

She never gave you the feeling of patience or bereavement, for she was so happy when you spoke to her. She was not offensively good, for she loved her purple bonnet with pink roses ; she was a slender little woman of fine porcelain, immaculate in widow's caps, her smile irradiated everything, and brought you into the presence of God.

I remember one day the minister called and asked for the girls. ' Oh, Mary is primping,' said she, ' and Ella is praying.' Her grandson once said to me, ' I was wild and got away from dogma and everything else, but I just couldn't get away from my grandmother's life.'

Another said :

My grandmother was a clever woman who married a New England farmer. She was anxious her husband should go West and make something of himself, and she had a nervous dread lest she should spend the whole of her life seeing only the smoke from her own chimney. After much persuasion her husband promised to go as soon as his father died. However, the father died at ninety-eight, forty-four years later. The husband was then seventy-three, and the wife went on seeing her own smoke.

Stories like these give something of the spirit of New England, with its Puritan sternness and beauty. You must imagine these people living in the peaceful landscape of Sarah Orne Jewett's *Country of the*

Pointed Firs, and you must imagine their autumns spent in the glorious beauty of the American Burning Bush, which has as great a message for the world as had that of Moses in the desert so long ago.

It was given by Lincoln fifty-eight years ago at Philadelphia, when he said in words that might stand under a statue of President Wilson :

The idea that kept this Confederacy together was not the mere matter of separation . . . from the motherland ; but the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world for all future time. It was this which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of men, and that all should have an equal chance.

II. 'THE FOUR C'S'

CONFERENCES—CHILDREN—CHICAGO—CHURCH

I

CONFERENCES

Meeting of the Triennial Church Convention at St. Louis

October 10-26, 1916.

THE view of St. Louis was exciting. You stood on the steps of the museum built on the hill to the north. Just below was the great equestrian statue of St. Louis; just below him was a grass amphitheatre opening on a lake, and below that rolled the green waves of the town, whose every house had a garden.

A broad golden sunset threw a mellow glow over the great slopes of pink earth and golden trees, and then suddenly came the twilight, and miles of avenues shone out with twinkling fairy lights. It could hold its own as a scene with Prague or Constantine or Edinburgh, and when you went into the museum you felt jealous for the British Museum!

The university close by recalled King's College, looking very stately in its solitude and sunset lights. St. Louis may be as proud of his city here as of any in France.

I found a large and most charming group of women at the British War Relief. They have been

working all through the war most staunchly, and to do so is much braver in the Middle West than in New England, where it would be in the fashion.

You can't think how much kindness I reap from being English: everyone I meet gives me delightful smiles, and talks about the war in a way that brings almost more tears than smiles to one's eyes. When Bishop Tuttle (the presiding bishop, eighty, quite deaf, and yet an excellent and prompt chairman) introduced the Bishop of Worcester and Bishop Montgomery, he spoke in a ringing voice about 'the war which England had entered on so unselfishly and sustained so unflinchingly—the greatest war of the world's history.'

At that the English flag was slowly lowered to hang next the American, behind all the bishops, and the cheering made me cry, which was embarrassing, as my handkerchief was in my bag under my feet.

The Masonic Hall is like a theatre. The clerical and lay deputies are on the floor of the house, the bishops (when in joint commission) are on the stage, and the crowd of visitors in the galleries.

The scenery behind the stage is the shore of a coral island with palm trees, and a lovely dawn breaking on a mountain in the distance—the Stars and Stripes hanging in the centre. You may think you would prefer Westminster Abbey as a background to the opening service, but I like this; it makes me think of Cortez, when with eagle eyes

. . . he stared at the Pacific
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

That is just how I feel here—staring at the ocean

(Pacific and otherwise) of problems and ideals and difficulties, which are surging on every side.

Of course, if I ever come here again I shall have lost this sense of vastness, and America may seem like England, with Westminster Abbey left out. But in the meantime I feel as if this convention was instinct with a life which could interpret the Church of Christ worthily to the new world which is springing up everywhere.

I met a pleasant, eager young parson at dinner, who says he finds the rich men are much more frank and ready to meet him as man to man than are the poor.

I am generally 'out' on the employer's side, but to-night I was obliged to argue that it is much easier for those who *have* the world to be unworldly and wide-minded, than it is for the man who has to win his way in it. He was telling me about his communicant organisation. He has a pleasant evening for boys and girls before the Sunday, and ends up with a preparation class, and he discussed whether he should let a young committee run it.

I said 'Yes ! but always be on it yourself, or they lose touch with the ideas of your generation. Also, they have a cruelly hard standard for each other ; you must be there to intercede for mercy.' 'Exactly what I find,' said he.

After dinner we heckled him on his single tax views, and asked if his plan was not open to the objection of the English compound householder, whereby the landlord paid for the wild-cat schemes voted for by his irresponsible tenants, who resented his consequent raising of the rent as personal greed,

since they never felt the pinch of their own extravagant national policy.

He said that was a very good point, and he had no answer ready for it ; to which I said, none of his arguments had so inclined me to single tax as the generosity of his last admission. I asked if it was not very American to be willing to allow points and to listen so unhurriedly and sympathetically ; and all the men agreed that this really did describe the American habit of mind.

We went on about Socialism and about Round Tables being the only sure method of reconciliation. I described suppers I hear of in Boston where socialists and capitalists are paired off together, and listen to a clever, short speech on some topic of the day when the table is cleared.

All present were keen to be invited, and our host said a socialist workman once made his way into the New York Church Club, and held forth angrily to him and a dozen of his friends. They all responded with friendly interest, and asked the man to stay to dinner. At the end of it he stood up and said, ' I'm heartily ashamed of myself for speaking to you as I did ; I'd never met men like you before, and I'd no idea you'd be interested in my things.'

The parson told of the great strikes at Lowell, when the mills were worked with negro blacklegs inside a steel wall defended by guns. ' One mill out of the many did not strike. The owner told me afterwards that, unlike the other owners, he lived at his mill, and knew his men personally as friends. But they gave notice of the strike all the same.'

‘All right!’ said he. ‘You’ve equal right to strike; but as we’ve been friends I wish you’d send your three best men to talk to me before you do it and to hear my point of view.’

The men came, and he had all his books open and showed his working expenses and receipts and his unworked contracts. ‘If I raise your wages I can’t fulfil these contracts, and I must close to-morrow, which would be bad for both of us.’ ‘That’s so,’ said the men. ‘You’ve figured it out quite right, and we won’t strike.’ And they didn’t.

Another man told of a threatened strike in subway trams. The vice-president was a young man who felt for the men, and he asked the agitator to spend a day with him. ‘Look here, I’ve nothing to do to-day but to talk to you. I’ll tell you all my life, and you shall tell me yours, because if we’ve got to fight this thing out, we’d better understand each other. They talked all day, and lunched too. The strike never came, and the vice is now president, and good friends with all the men.

A Northfield Girls’ Meeting

Northfield is a centre of religious influence, founded by old Mr. Moody, of the Moody and Sankey hymns, and carried on by his sons. It is like a university, with resident halls scattered about in the grounds: a great auditorium, a book store, a large chapel (called Russell Sage Chapel, after the donor). It stands in the midst of wooded fields. Here is a field of the cloth of gold, and there a snow field, made by butter-cups

and oxeye daisies in the long grasses. On one side there is a tangle of pink roses falling over an old fence; on the other, wheatfields thinking of turning yellow. Everywhere you see rich hedgerows and groups of trees, but no woods: all is rich and free and open. It lies in the broad valley of the Connecticut, with parklike views of gentle swelling hills. Evening meetings are held on the 'Round Top,' the hill where old Mr. Moody is buried; they sit on the grass, under great pines and birch and maple looking across a land of Beulah with sunset lights on the great river flowing along like a golden road to the celestial city.

The city seemed very close when Mrs. Moody was talking in her rich and simple voice—you do not often get the two combined—about prayer.

Sit out alone on the hillside, listen to your New Testament, and pray. Then you may go out from Northfield women of power, such as the world has never seen. And then, if you will speak out of your heart, and tell others 'the Lord meant this to me, and He wants to mean it to you, if you will let Him,' the girls who hear you will be carried by you into His Presence.

And God is *shut up to you*. He works through you and me; His Spirit hovers around us, longing for hearts to dwell in, hands to use, voices to speak through. If you are willing to be His medium, there will be more of His power in this poor, tired, hungry world.

Northfield is the most directly inspirational place I have been to. Mrs. Moody believes that the more you tell others of what Christ has done for you—is to you—the more He gives you of Himself. She therefore urges all girls at the last evening meeting to stand up and say what the week has done for them.

It is not emotional. She says :

If, as a fact in your life, you woke up here to realise Jesus Christ as a personal Friend, then say so. It may help to wake up some one else, and it will make a high water-mark for you which will help you when you get back into the world and these things grow dim as the days go by.

Each day started with a Bible lecture, given by Dr. Harris, a Presbyterian from Baltimore. In his own church he gives a monthly evening sermon (to which some five hundred men come) on a book of the Bible, making it generally intelligible and interesting in regard to its own day and ours. He gave us some of these sermons (on the Four Gospels).

Then, after a quarter of an hour's interval, came Bible classes of an hour. I chose Miss Crosby's course on the Kingdom, and began to go to school to the American plan of conducting a class instead of lecturing.

I came to-day for the one night, July 5, to give 'England's Message' to the five hundred older girls, here for the July girls' conference. They are mostly from wealthy boarding schools, such as Farmington, Westover, &c.

I stayed in the Moodys' own house, which is like Putnam Elms, where you feel as if you passed the Lord at every turn on the stairs, and heard the rustle of His garments just leaving the room you enter.

I had an old-fashioned, square chintz room, with five windows opening on hay fields, elms, rolling hills, rich sunshine, and strong evening shadows. There was a delicious bath after a summer day of travelling, and then a delicious upstairs porch with still more delicious

tea. It was just such a room as the one where Mercy laughed in her sleep, and woke up to tell Christiana that she had heard the angels singing.

Cambridge Conference

Denison House,

95 Tyler Street, Boston.

June 20, 1917.

After breakfast I ran to the underground, getting my 'shoes shined' on the way by a Greek, with whom I talked about Venizelos and Greek politics, and got to Cambridge in time for the Old Testament Bible Lesson at nine.

It was on our Lord's views as to Eschatology, and went in vigorously for Evolution as opposed to Catastrophe, which pleased me so much that, as usual, my un-protestant mind never noticed what startling statements were being made as to St. Matthew's Apocalyptic chapter being a late interpolation.

Then we had fifteen minutes of choir instruction as to how to sing the compline hymn; then came Mrs. Drown's study class on the Bible as a whole. The only way to get a breathing space is to miss the midday intercessions, so I sat out in the garden. Then we went in to Dean Rousmaniere's talk on how to hold 'Classes in Personal Religion.' Then I was carried off to lunch at 'The Cock Horse,' a hundred years old.

I have few acquaintances in natural history, but all have a human interest, especially the catfish. One of these should be put into every pot of captive lobsters, whose colour goes if they are left alone;

but the friendly irritation of a catfish conduces to vigorous health and a better colour.

At this conference the part of Catfish was taken by Dean Iddings Bell, of Chicago, who left the Socialist Party because it was not definitely Christian. He certainly enlivened the church workers who listened to him, as he took the new ideas of to-day, and urged the Church to make up her mind and interpret truth afresh. He says her mistake is that

she works hard instead. She should leave it to civic people to do the work, and inspire Churchmen to join the civic army. She should teach that all almsgiving is rightly suspect in our age, which demands Justice—and all investments too! Also, you must not strait-jacket women into morality of any kind. You must leave them to act as they see fit.

I found so much to disagree with in Dean Bell that I threw over all other lectures and went steadily to him. I gave him a book at the end (we had become great friends) from 'an admiring but totally unreconstructed listener.' (In Virginia, the Gibsons spent their time finding 'unreconstructed' people for me—i.e. hopelessly wedded to the old order in the South.)

I was asked to give my 'Message from England' on the historic night of July 4, which pleased me much, and Dean Bell was the other speaker. He used heavy artillery of internationalism and hatred of war. We clapped each other quite heartily, and I told him I had such a hospitable mind (worthy of America) that I found room for his remarks and mine too, and he tried to say the same.

The central point of the conference was Dean Rousmaniere's daily hour on Classes in Personal

Religion. He gave a wonderful sense of the growth in spirituality which would result from using his method.

Silver Bay

July, 1917.

I came here for the Missionary Educational Inter-denominational Conference. It is hardly a village, for the place is taken up with the buildings for the meetings. It was an old hamlet on Lake George, in the days of the war path from the mouth of the Mohawk River to the St. Lawrence. Champlain, the French soldier and discoverer, was looking for a road to China and came on the North Lake, which joins it.

With him was Father Jogues, a gentle, saintly Jesuit, who went to the Iroquois in 1642. He had his nails torn off, &c., &c., and after escaping to France and being made much of by the fine ladies of the court of Louis XIV, came back and discovered Lake George, which he called 'The Lake of the Holy Sacrament.' He escaped once more from Indian tortures in 1646; he was ordered to return again, and to found 'The Mission of the Martyrs.' This he did by being himself beaten to death in running the Indian gauntlet, which used to be called 'the short road to Paradise.'

Then came seventy years of strife between French and English. In 1755 France and England were racing for possession of the Ohio Valley (General Johnson called the lake after George II), and the French, under Field-Marshal Baron Dveskan, settled at Ticonderoga.

In 1758 Lord Howe came over, a fine young

Englishman, who was the first to adapt himself by eating pork and beans and roughing it, instead of having rich baggage like Burgoyne.

He, Rogers the scout, King Hendrik the Mohawk chief, and Israel Putnam fought well; but Howe was killed at the battle of Ticonderoga, as was also the Campbell who had dreamt that the place would be fatal to him, though he had never heard the name, except in that dream.

In 1775 Ethan Allen took the place, demanding the fort 'in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.' At the subsequent dinner of congratulation he was given an olive for the first time, and was heard muttering to himself: 'Ain't I Ethan Allen? Haven't I taken Ticonderoga? and can't I eat this derved little berry? Yes, *I can.*'

It was later on in his history that he wrote to Washington, that unless the demands of Vermont were satisfied, he and 'the boys of the Green Mountains should retire to their fastnesses and there continue to wage war against the world, the devil, and human nature in general.'

The only other human touch which moved me in the little history I read about Lake George was that General Peter Schuyler (Mayor of Albany) was so kind to Baroness de Riedesel of Burgoyne's army (whom he found hiding in a cellar) that she called one of her babies 'America' and the other 'Canada.' The largeness of it is pleasing.

I spent ten days at Silver Bay, where there is a large hotel, then sets of shanties on the hill behind, and a large auditorium which can hold two or three

thousand, and small lecture rooms dotted about for the various classes.

The Lake just below, with its suggestion of Gennesaret, with low hills all round, is very peaceful.

There were three denominational meetings during the ten days. This jarred on my desires for Unity at first, but they need it to work up each group to talk over points where they can help their own church when they go home. I am not sure but that this insistence on strong group feeling does not make Silver Bay one of the most valuable of all the three conferences I was at. In the days of future Unity we may hope that each group will hold fast to its own special ray of light, and at the same time value its neighbour's ray.

The Episcopalians became more enamoured of Nonconformist fluency than I was able to be. The facility in saying 'a few words' is like a comfortable bed, which, as Bishop Paget remarked, 'develops a host of temptations unknown to the other half of the world.'

I met a charming young wife of a Presbyterian banker from a country town. She is one of the leaders of Miss Anne Morgan's Women's League of Service. She has 700 women in her town, all registered and ready : telegraphists, typists, motor drivers, &c. She also ran the Red Cross and a Liberty Loan.

'When I married,' said she, 'I had just graduated from the New York College of 700, and I felt I was on the edge of being absorbed in dusting, sewing, and shopping. So, that year, I put together my Christmas Present money, and I subscribed for *The Outlook*, a woman's paper, and a New

York paper ; as I could not go into the outside world, I made it come in to me. I read after I got to bed, when my husband was out speaking at meetings. I generally have him for Saturday afternoon and Sunday, but he is just as busy as I am. I have no time for suffrage one way or the other. I have more power as it is, than I can use ; and so have most women. And we are not yet fit for more—we haven't a man's concentration. I notice at these lectures how, if a door slams, every woman looks up, but the men go stolidly on with their notes (though, after all, if women didn't notice things, their houses would be pretty uncomfortable).'

I was talking to an episcopalian worker who felt that the Women's Auxiliary Society had been unduly narrowed into missions only, whereas it should deal with the whole religious life and education of the country. She dreads division of interest between men and women, and wants the women to have representatives on the men's boards, lest the women's board should fight for its own hand.

In comparing the three conferences, Northfield is inspirational, and works for definite conversion, but sanely and wisely. I would never send a girl there under twenty-five, though I should sympathise heartily with all she gained, if she chose to go there and hear its most ringing note of love for Christ.

Cambridge is episcopalian and educational, showing the young that the Church is alive to questions of the day, and is not afraid of them.

Silver Bay is the headquarters of an army campaign, and sends out workers direct to the mission fields. Its members are undenominational and of all conditions.

Louisville, Kentucky

November, 1917.

The Mothers' Union asked me to go as their representative to the tenth annual international Purity Congress under the chairmanship of its founder, Mr. B. S. Steadwell, of Lacrosse, Wisconsin. The whole tone of the congress was restrained and beautiful, though thoroughly practical. I would give much for two of its speakers to address England from north to south about purity: Professor T. W. Galloway, Beloit College; and Mrs. Kate Waller Barret, of Alexandria, Virginia, who was for nine years president of the Women's International Council of America, and is now president of the National 'Florence Crittenton' Mission.

The main conclusions arrived at were: stamp evil out entirely, allow no compromise.

The ruling nation of the world will be the one which solves the problem of the feeble-minded.

Educate!—Great good has been done by hotels which take in commercial travellers, leaving slips giving plain statements in the reading room and bedrooms of the consequences both of drink and vice.

Act on the lesson of the army. It was not enough to keep men under restraint; every resource of amusement and occupation had to be brought to bear on them.

Mothers should apply this to home life. A girl in charge of a social centre has a programme for the evening, and she is bent on making it a success. The mother has a menu for supper, but it never strikes her to plan amusements and make the evening attractive.

A girl was better grounded for life sixty years ago, when she would have been a prentice mother with a large family; to-day, her mother would have only one or two children, and

keep a nurse girl. We train our daughters for everything but the nursery. A doll used to be a good trainer ; a teddy bear is a pity ! And so is a small family.

Professor Galloway struck me very much by his constructive hopefulness. He described Sex as a big constructive asset in life, not merely a liability. . . .

You must educate, i.e. take race experience and bring it home to the individual, instead of leaving him to the more expensive method of teaching himself by sowing wild oats. You cannot raise your children above the level of the home and the community, so that seeing a good father and mother will always remain the best training. But teachers have, incidentally, great opportunities. The child does not realise that he is getting sex instruction, but the good teacher knows ; they can give teaching and self-control at every turn, and yet use no word of sex.

Beware of *laissez faire* and just letting youth grow up : we must see that he is under steady, normal pressure from the moment of his birth till he has learnt self-control. Educators can bring to bear judgment, reason, ideals, standards, habits, devotions, so that when temptation comes, vice finds much to overcome instead of the boy being everywhere open to the attacks of the enemy. See that he starts on a winning fight.

II

CHILD AND TEACHER—WHICH IS WHICH ?

I WENT to America to change the groove of my mind, so I made no study of schools and colleges at all, and have nothing to say on Education with a big E, though I gleaned a few ideas about children and teachers.

Controversy is going on about Dr. Flexner, who wants to give the child a large share in disposing of himself, an idea which is in harmony with the American Elective Plan of College Studies. A student chooses at pleasure one or more from several groups of subjects, so that he does not go through any general standardised course of grind.

Most boys and girls go democratically through the consecutive stages of grammar school, public school, and university. There is also a concurrent scheme of 'private schools' like our own girls' boarding schools ; and for boys, as at Groton and St. Paul's, and some others.

Plans were being mooted in New York and Boston for developing in these private girls' schools, in the last year of work, a scheme of housewifery, alternative with college work. It was felt that this would quiet the excitement left by the war, and meet pos-

sibly altered financial circumstances if child welfare and house work were taken up—while some training in civics would give better foundation for the girl's future efforts in the cause of social justice.

One of the leaders of the movement was telling me of the days she could just remember—the days when 'country cousins used to come for six months' visits (but no one else), and you took exercise by walking round the garden with your aunt, looking ahead with rebellious wonder as to whether life held nothing but growing up to be the aunt instead of the niece in similar walks in distant years. You learnt to "play a piece," and to copy flowers ; but a girl who took an easel to paint out of doors, like a young man, was severely criticised—only one had the strength of mind to do it.' I wonder if girls realise how happy they are to-day.

I fancy not, when I recall the scorn and disgust in the voice of a modern young woman speaking of a great-aunt in those circumscribed days : 'She actually married for a home ! Wasn't it dreadful !'

'Coming out' for the Boston and New York girl is as great a ceremony as an heir coming of age. The 'Buds' of each year have each a grand reception day with flowers and presents ; and in after-life belong to a special circle for luncheons and sewing circles.

I found one such circle, whose schooldays were thirty years ago, eagerly voting as to whether some school friend who had lived abroad should now be admitted as a member.

For the first year or two the 'Buds' get constant gaiety, chiefly with college boys of their own age ;

after that, their circle expects them to settle down and do some useful work.

I cannot speak more strongly than I feel about America's wonderful belief in Education; I heard the Governor of a Middle West State saying, describing his own education :

I was a waif and stray, owing everything to the little Red School, and I determined to improve those schools. We had no cultivated material in our State; it was a fairly typical remark of one of the elder children when she said, ' Please, teacher, don't strike Johnny, we never do it at home, except in self-defence.'—But seven million dollars are now spent on these schools: we teach agriculture and music, and they are really enjoyed. Our schools are social centres, with competitive musical entertainments; Mothers' Study Clubs, Classes in Cooking and Home Making, Farmers' Meetings, &c., &c.

The result of such work as his was seen in the fine and refined faces of the American Army; but I am told that one of the difficulties of American higher education in public school and university (incident to the vast size of the country) is the multitude of students with no background or tradition.

Those from cultivated homes inherit an advantage in all finer branches of work; it is hard to keep up the right standards for these, and at the same time to provide fairly for the others, both in entry papers and curriculum. The whole nation is thirsty for learning, which creates a tendency to cheapen scholarship to suit the average level.

§ Hitherto there has been a tendency for ambition to concentrate its aims too narrowly on academic success alone, which diminished the right supply and training for the ideals of practical life.

§ Matters are now, however, righting themselves by the growth of vocational schools, and by the same school providing alternative college and practical courses.

The numbers who come from homes where there is no background of cultivation and little connected conversation, tend to over-emphasis of what teaches self-expression. Expression must be needed in all democracies, whether English or American, but we sometimes find it in inverse proportion to weight.

To meet this demand, the Auditorium or Amphitheatre is more and more a centre of school life. Here the pupils, singly or in class, perform to the rest of the school :—music or recitation, or plays of their own writing.

It would be a splendid place for training their taste by regular listening to good music, &c., but that would not meet the special need for self-expression.—I wish Elia had put among his Fallacies the line about ‘reverencing the Young,’ and translated it backwards, ‘teach the Young to reverence.’

The need of teaching self-expression leads to a great use of discussion classes. They have manifest advantages in rousing interest, but as a means of imparting knowledge they have defects.

The leader tries to elicit all points from the class instead of telling them anything and cheers them on by saying how suggestive their remarks are. The class is trying to think of something clever to say, and where to insert it, and how best to put it ; so it has very little wits left to learn with.

Americans are richer in opinions than we are, and they do not feel that learning is any weightier than mother wit, so discussion classes are popular. English women still often defer to authority, and enforce their opinions by it ; this makes us sound more

dogmatic and assertive than the American, but we are really less so—it is only that we are scribes and the Americans prophetesses.

One can well see that a right swing of the pendulum is going on from the system (which modernists tell me used to be the fashion) of injuring digestion by feeding the child with a dagger through its clenched teeth. All the same, a good deal of the inherited treasures of the past will escape little Tom Tiddlers who are set to run about scratching the ground like chickens, accompanied by a teacher bound over to give them no clue in digging, lest their initiative be biassed. Perhaps, as often happens, a combination of old and new will produce the best results, as happened to a Californian mother who sent her Elsie to a Montessori School. Elsie, being very lazy, spent every morning fitting a round peg into a round hole. ‘Elsie never seems to “get *forward*,”’ complained the mother. ‘Oh, leave Elsie alone,’ said the teacher; ‘we believe in individual development. I assure you *Elsie will blossom*.’ After waiting a few weeks, the mother had a little talk with Elsie, and made it clear that if she did not develop a new interest in life she would be dealt with when she got home that day.

That morning about eleven o’clock the telephone rang wildly; it was the joyful teacher. ‘Oh, Mrs. Jones, *Elsie has blossomed*: she put a square peg into a square hole this morning of her own accord. See how wise we were to leave her to Nature.’

I met with a group of hard-working farmerettes at

work in the country, who came from Radcliffe, the woman's College close to Harvard, where most of the teaching is given by Harvard lecturers. I found them delightful, and I heard golden opinions of them from some old New England farmers, who had not expected to admire them or their work.

Wellesley, the woman's college manned by women, is a little way out of Boston, with wonderfully beautiful grounds and lake. But I only saw it in vacation, and at the time of Mr. Wilson's election, when a girl took me up to see the 'rally' night, at which the girls enacted an election procession, with lanterns bearing clever mottoes, ending up with platform speeches by Wilson, Hughes, Roosevelt, and Bryan. The girls made up for the parts excellently, and their speeches would have deceived anyone if reported in the papers. That evening was much more interesting than the real rally on Boston Common the night before, where I had been chiefly struck by the newspaper boy, who pressed his paper on me with a hoarse and urgent murmur of 'Wilson in, and Hughes leading.' That boy should go far.

I had a charming but too short visit to Smith College at Northampton, where my old-fashioned eyes much enjoyed seeing the businesslike, but pretty and courteous students.

I had charming vacation visits to Wellesley, where I was with Miss Vida Scudder, one of the chief women in America, whose soul lives in mediaevalism and the 'Morte d'Arthur,' while her heart and mind are given to pressing on Church people the cause of social justice.

Her 'Disciple of a Saint' could live beside John

Inglesant in the shelves of a friend of mine, who only puts together books that would enjoy each other's company. John Inglesant finds God by the solitary road of mysticism. Her saint (Catherine of Siena), in the days of the great papal schism and Church decadence, finds Him by the more difficult road of faithfulness to what the Church stands for.

Another privilege of being at Wellesley was meeting Miss Florence Converse, who wrote that 'House of Prayer,' which should be a foundation-stone in every child's religious education.

I saw various girls' schools, and was charmed with the girls, which is the best certificate of a school, but I never saw the 'American Child' as depicted in comic recitations, though I was struck by various instances of shrewdness: as in a friend's small nephew, who spent twenty-five cents on his father's Christmas present, and seventy-five on his mother's. The father, who had conducted the shopping expedition, inquired into the apparent inequality, and was told, 'You see, father, you are only a relation by marriage, while mother is a relation by bornation.' The reflectiveness of this was national, but I suspect my next child is merely an international instance.

A family rising in the world had bought a whole set of new tumblers. The mother wished the luxury to seem a matter of course at her next dinner-party, and pondered how to curb Jane's tongue. I suppose she had heard much educationally of forestalling undesirable curiosity, so she had an interview with Jane, and said: 'Now, ask me anything you like about the

new tumblers we are going to use at dinner. I'll answer any questions you like: where I got them, how much they cost, . . . Now, are you quite sure there's nothing else you want to ask about them?' 'No, thank you, Mummie; I know everything about them now.' During dinner, a pause of meditation on Jane's part roused uneasiness in the mother, and sure enough at the next silence came a clear-pitched question, 'Mother, what *did* you do with all the old tumblers?'

Wanting to get at the modern school basis of ethics, I asked: 'What should you do with a liar?' 'I should make her see her stage of cosmical development: we all come from the brute, and truth belongs entirely to the human being. If she has not got it she feels low in the scale, and this piques her.'

I feel, while listening to these modern views, like 'Despotism tempered by Assassination.' I mean that I am the old system, tempered by admiration of the new.

I admire afar off those who can be so guided, and yet I am filled with thankfulness that my lines were cast in grooves of the Church Catechism and Keble's 'Christian Year.' Will anything less solid hold in our heavier climate? Yet certainly in America they make very fine natures on lighter diet.

Among the chief teaching notes of to-day seemed to be, letting the child do the talking; having tests to detect the real mental age of each pupil (a first-rate idea—but what confusion it might create if they were to apply it to the teachers also!); and giving

the child what it feels hungry for, regardless of whether it is bone-building stuff or not.

I asked a real prophetess how she would bring an old-fashioned teacher up to date, and none of her many hero-worshipping pupils ever listened with more hearty assent to her words than I, as she replied, 'My main word to them would be, "Listen: listen to the child's whole nature as well as to what it says, and give accordingly," and my next would be, "When things go wrong, don't blame it on the child, but on yourself. You could have prevented it."'

I feel quite certain this teacher could always 'suggest' to any child to hunger for what she wanted to give, which, after all, is the essence of a real teacher. So old and new are one at heart.

As I said at first, I purposely avoided schools and colleges, so I have no real information to give; but I carry away a most charming recollection of American children, for those I knew best were such as played in the Garden of Eden before the Fall.

One was a blue-eyed fairy, who led me by a single hair, as she guided me through her enchanted forest, by telling me of some wonderful adventure which had happened at each tree we came to.

Then I went to visit a Californian wild bird who lives in a sea-gull's nest at the back of the north wind, surrounded by stern grey ice. Spray dashed against the windows of the long, low, bungalow house, and the whole feel out of doors was of Kingsley's brave north-easter. Inside there was a roaring wood fire, every kind of delightful book, and eager talk that

touched on everything in earth and heaven, from three of the most charming women that I ever met in this charming land. One was East, one West, and one South, so they gave me of the best that America had to give, while two little girls of nine and five, looking like blue-haired Vikings, busied themselves in the next room by fighting a tournament in full armour.

This delighted me, as I had not seen one since the days when I used to spend hours, in full armour, waiting on a lonely country road in New Zealand for adventures which, fortunately, never came.

In the Campo Santo at Pisa there is a fresco of a hermit's life, with little sketches of the kind of incidents which seemed to have swarmed round his cell in the forest. There was a lion leaping on a damsel (she looked like the 'damsel of some sixty summers,' who invoked King Arthur's aid), a dragon, a flying serpent perched on a corpse, and half a dozen more of the kind of thing for which I once waited so patiently and vainly. This is the atmosphere which gives children the right 'preparedness' before they go to school and lose all clouds of glory by mixing with a world of equals.

These things are what develop the joy of life in a child's nature. No town advantages ever give it, and to my mind those little Vikings are 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice' in owning—no! belonging to—a Wharf House. Yes, these children more nearly achieved an ideal life than any others that I ever met in the World of Education.

III

CHICAGO

THE house has a view on Lake Michigan where the lake front is just like Torquay. I had no idea Chicago was so beautiful. Lincoln Park is close by, with the statue of Shakespeare, for which Mr. Partridge used my brother's hand and forehead. There is a very fine one of Lincoln by St. Gaudens, and at the base is :

Let us have faith that Right makes Right, and in that
Faith let us to the end dare to do our Duty as we understand it.

I arrived here in time for breakfast, and my hostess took me to spend the morning at the Francis Parker School, which is on Quincy lines, and in sympathy with the marvellous schools at Gary, where the children begin from this end of Time's telescope, and are put in touch from the first with the present-day needs and interests of their neighbourhood.

I got back to a luncheon of Women Civic Workers. Chicago seems full of very pleasant, public-spirited, well-dressed, interesting women. Thanks to my hostess's care, I met a great many who bore out what I had been told in Boston by a Middle Westerner—
'that Chicago was the most representative of Ameri-

can cities, as it combined Eastern grit and Southern warm-heartedness.'

At luncheon I heard of the civic victories of the Women's Civic Club and of the Legislative Congress, which Chicago women have held for the last two or three years—to discuss the legislation before the country, to inform the women voters, and to focus feminine opinion.

In the afternoon I was taken over the University, with its splendid dining hall, copied from Christ Church, Oxford. It holds 1,000 men, and has 1,000 women in their own building; this and the People's parks scattered over the poor parts of Chicago are magnificent use of money.

I got back in time to dress for a small and very pleasant dinner party. Mr. Cram's books and his Chicago church were discussed. A fine Presbyterian church was built by him on the lake front, with a small half tower, half Flèche, which exercised people's minds as to whether it stands for a dogmatic statement that only cathedrals may have towers as being episcopal.

I dwelt on my appreciation of having stayed with such a real prophet. They allowed I was right, but thought they would like to be allowed views of their own. However, I said I did not meet enough real prophets to have begun to feel like that.

Then we discussed the influence on the slums of the many small parks in Chicago; and of the singing centres in each, where the national songs of all nations are joined in by the children of the neighbourhood, and prove a great help to national unity.

I was introduced to a very beautiful old lady, and I said : ‘ A wanderer from England ! ’ At which she took both my hands and held them tight and nearly kissed me, while she said, ‘ My dear ! I wish I could make you feel what that means to us, or how deeply we enter into the noble way you are giving your lives for the things *we* also value most, thanks to our common heritage.’

When we got home, we found the charming married daughter with her husband, and we all talked feminism, politics, and English courage till 12. It was a delightfully representative day.

A Department Store, Chicago

January 10, 1917.

I have just had the time of my life in Sears Roebuck’s Department Store—the Whiteley of U.S.A. I spent two hours in the Administration Building, with eyes, ears, and brain at the stretch, and I felt an exhausted receiver like the Queen of Sheba. No ! an invigorated one, for it was glorious to see anything so well thought out.

The staff number 30,000, and the stock value is 200 million dollars. All the overseers work up from the staff, and if a man of long standing fails in health, his pay goes on. After five years no illness time is counted against him ; he gets a bonus of 5 per cent. on his wages, and this increases each year till it stands for life, after ten years, at 10 per cent. He can buy at a discount of 10 per cent., and during these hard times he gets 10 per cent. on his wages,

beginning Jan. 1, and payable in April, to help to meet it.

He gets 5 per cent. on any money he saves, and part of the profits are distributed, but I forget the figure. There is a library, tennis, recreation room, hospital, dentist, rest rooms, restaurant; and the head of the Women's Welfare is a woman in a thousand.

'Where were you trained?' said I.

'I had no training, except meeting the general difficulties of life; but I loved girls, and worked in a small town, and these people sent to say they wanted a woman to be a centre to the various independent heads of the benefit work. I had no business experience, and was very happy where I was, so I told them they must take all responsibility.

'I had heard much of the hard life of hands in department stores, and I wondered if I should have to come down from any of my ideals in such work. If so, I should not have liked to stay. But I found Mr. Rosenwald, Mr. Loring, and Mr. Skinner, the three heads, cared for the welfare in such a fine spirit that I had to raise my ideals to meet theirs.

'When raw little girls are taken on, they come up to see me, and I talk about dress and manners and politeness, and tell them to come to me if they meet with anything disagreeable. We try to choose our men, but they can't all be nice; and I tell the girls their mothers will be happier if they know they have a friend to come to.

'But I get each department head to be the real friend to the girl, and give my time to training them how to do it. If they really care for the girl, they can tell her pleasantly home truths about her dress or her manner.'

Dealing with the mail was what we saw first. The early mail was in hand, and a stack as big as a chest of drawers was waiting. One girl passed all the envelopes through a cutter, which shaved off the top to open them, and a mechanical receiver carried them to the next, who sorted out private ones.

The rest were handed on to two who counted them into bundles of twenty-five. Another counted out packets of big yellow sheets to pin each order to. The next set put the twenty-five cheques (all is paid in advance) into a box, and pinned the order to the yellow sheet.

Each packet with its batch of cheques floated down the receiver to the checker. She typed each amount with a number to show the State it came from.

The next set tore up these typed slips and put the business of each State on to a special spike.

The next typed off those on each spike, and so checked the previous total with her adder.

The next copied the order for each department on to a separate sheet (still keeping all pinned together).

The next typed name and address on a sticky label; the next sorted the orders alphabetically, putting each letter into its own conductor—a long folder—which passed it on till it came opposite the girl who dealt with that particular letter of the alphabet. Here it dropped down into her desk, and she entered the date and sum on the customers' index card for reference.

Then the batch was distributed to the various departments, and the goods collected, wrapped up, and shot along to the packing place; then to the stamping, and then to the post.

Downstairs is a set of glass cases, with one specimen of each article named in the catalogue (but shopping is only done by post). They manufacture most of their own goods.

IV

EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH MATTERS

THE things that have specially struck me are :

- I. The Share Laymen have in Church Government.
- II. The Californian House of Churchwomen.
- III. The Prayer Book, Modern Prayers, Christian Nurture.
- IV. Place of Missions in the Church.
- V. Dean Rousmaniere and his classes in Personal Religion.
- VI. The Position of the Episcopalian Church.
- VII. Christian Unity and the Commission of Faith and Order.

I. The Share Laymen have in Church Government

The Church is governed by the General Convention, which meets every three years. There is a House of Bishops, also of Representatives, i.e. four clergy and four laymen from each diocese.

All is based on the idea of equality of power between clergy and laymen. The importance of this lies in the position of the American Episcopal Church, as a possible future meeting ground for Rome (which gives all power to the clergy) and Protestantism (which gives all power to the laity).

Their whole plan of action favours caution, which can, of course, be spelt either as permanence or inaction, according to one's temperament. Legislation has to pass both Houses and then be sent to each diocese, and three years later, at the next Convention, to be voted by order, i.e. each of the three Orders (Bishops, Clergy, and Laity) must pass the measure before it becomes law. This is indeed legislating for the Church of the Ages, and not for the cry of the moment.

II. *The Californian House of Churchwomen*

I take this point next because it seems the most germinating element in the American Church, although the Women's Auxiliary includes the whole body of churchwomen, while only some half a dozen dioceses have a House of Churchwomen.

They all spring from the one founded by Bishop Nichols in San Francisco in 1906. His annual convention (or, as we should say, diocesan conference) had tried the plan of including women among their lay members, but it was found that women did not always speak out their full minds, while the indolence of the average layman sometimes allowed too much of his share of the work to devolve upon the women.

Then followed, in 1906, Bishop Nichols' institution of the House of Churchwomen. This was more statesmanlike and far-reaching than a mere mending of the two difficulties spoken of above, which would have disappeared of themselves with time and experience.

His conception confers a greater gift on the Church

and on woman than giving them both added practical power by pooling the business wits of men and women, as in the plan first tried.

He realises and provides for utilising the distinctiveness of the special note of wisdom and inspiration which is given to woman, and that which is given to man. Each utters better God's message and the teaching of his or her own nature, when apart from the other ; then should follow joint discussion, and equal voting on the resolution resulting from their united wisdom.

Leonardo prophesied this relationship of man and woman in the Brera picture of the announcement of the birth of the Virgin to her parents.

On the left of the triptych is a picture of St. Anna tending her garden, with the little angel whispering to her ; on the right is St. Joachim, tending his flocks, receiving his separate message from another angel ; in the centre, in the living-room, they meet and rejoice together. Surely an ideal picture for a wedding present, showing the true relationship of man and woman—equal (but quite individual) inspiration, followed by comradeship in work and power. This picture could, at any rate, hang in the House of Churchwomen as typical of their position !

It is hoped by many that the Triennial Convention (which is equivalent to our Convocations of Canterbury and York combined with a church congress) will add a third house of Women to its existing houses of Bishops and Representatives, giving equal voting power to all three.

This is the hope of the future ; but even now the

diocese derives many practical benefits from the House of Churchwomen.

It has a spirit of its own, but also links together in equal fellowship all bands of women workers—the Women's Auxiliary, the G.F.S., &c., &c.

It trains women for all public service, both church and civic, teaching them the conduct of public meetings, and educating those from quiet country places to interest in the wider questions of the day.

Thus each body learns about the work of the others, and they are all wrought into a whole, of which each part feels supported by the whole.

It receives reports from each branch of women's work, so that all the whole diocese now knows of labours which before were known only locally. As the Bishop said in his opening address in 1906 :

It is a society where our collective church womanhood catches the enthusiasm of the wider range and touch of the common loyalty and counselling for the Church, and discovers a new diocesan sense of fellowship.

I went across America twice in order to attend its meetings, in 1917 and 1918, and I can vouch for the education which it gives. Besides the interest of the joint session, in which the women more than held their own, we had an address from the Bishop on 'Woman's Work To-day'; a wonderful picture of Belgium, from Professor Angell, who had just returned from relief work over there; and a speech from Bishop Sumner, of Oregon, the great authority on civic work. I will give you notes of the last because of the broad lines on which he based his appeal for service. It was of special interest to my English

mind to see how Bishop Nichols' plan roused enthusiasm in the old-fashioned church workers for the wider work of to-day.

Bishop Sumner's main point was that the woman who will not join in community discussions or go to the poll is an undesirable citizen ; she takes all she can from the community as such and gives nothing.

The community supports you [said he] by giving you the means of a living wage ; in loyalty to it do something to better its conditions.

Ten million women and two million children go into industrial life every morning, under bad conditions, and largely underpaid. Here is your problem : now that you have the vote, you must be loyal to your sex or men will not be so.

I appeal to you churchwomen to do service in this great country. There has been steady progress in civilisation, so knowledge of what has been done and what still needs doing is the first essential to good service.

The great result which should follow through having given power to woman is that every child should have a fair deal.

This should begin with marriage. At present, if a man wants to do the smallest municipal trade he must get a warrant ; but no one troubles him with inquiries if he wants to get married, which is far more important to the community. In our cathedral we refuse to marry any without a certificate of health, and sixteen States have followed suit.

But the true hope lies in Education. Boys of these sixteen States know that fatherhood is as holy as motherhood, and there is a tremendous advance in moral life at our colleges and universities.

The business details of the schemes are these :

It was founded to legislate on woman's work in the Church, and to act with the Convention in a consultative capacity on other matters. It consists of five delegates from each parish,

elected in Advent by a meeting of women, who must be communicants and qualified parish voters. Any matter sent to the men's convention for consideration has to be dealt with at once, *vice versa* if the men send to them. The Bishop is *ex officio* president, but has no vote. Their enactments are sent to the Bishop to be signed, or returned with his objections. On a division, votes are made by parish groups with one vote each. It assists the Church in social leadership by setting a standard on such matters as Sunday, Lent, Gambling, Divorce; its commissions keep watch, and report on any new forms of work in the diocese. It is now, 1919, trying to form a scheme of church work which shall utilise the energy and enthusiasm roused by the war in girls of all classes.

III. *The Prayer Book*

(*Revision—Modern Prayers—Religious Books—Christian Nurture*)

The American Prayer Book is practically our own, with various points of improvement and the alteration of misleadingly old-fashioned words.

The chief difference is that it follows the Scotch use of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI in the Office of Holy Communion. This arose from the fact that Dr. Seabury, the first American bishop, in 1784 was consecrated by Non-Jurors in Scotland, to avoid the English oath of political allegiance.

It gives a wonderfully home-like feeling both to English and Americans to find their own services across the water, and the American faithfulness to their great Anglican tradition is a powerful link between us. A curiously home-like note is struck by the distinctively American custom of singing the verse 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow'

to the Old Hundredth, while presenting the alms at the altar. Both words and tune have so many English and Scotch memories that one wishes it could be adopted here as a note of unity.

I had an interesting talk with one of the Prayer Book revisers. He says that in tabulating the Collects, he finds nearly all based on mediaeval lines of sin and safety, punishment and reward; whereas we need expressions of the Eastern joy in God and nature, and of modern aspirations and ideals.

One could hardly expect mediaeval prayers to foresee modern needs, but the American Church has shown that the Collects could be duplicated, by what she has already done for second services at Christmas and Easter. She has also supplied one for the Transfiguration—a very fitting additional festival for the Church of the expectant new world.

Unity of worship means a great deal between England and America, and one grudges changes that would not be mutual, though their present changes are so happy that I wish we could adopt them *en bloc*. It was good to see in that very suggestive book, *The Church and her Opportunity in America*,¹ a suggestion of the possibility of any very important change being agreed upon by the Anglican Church as a whole.

We went on to talk of the new calendar, which will give a splendid chance of carrying out Bishop Westcott's idea of strengthening the Communion of Saints by including a fairly modern and copyable

¹ A collection of the Papers read before the New York Convention, June 1919.

saint from each nation, and in each line of life—sailor, soldier, carpenter, shopman, &c.

It seems a pity that, as yet, St. Hilda and St. Teresa are not on the proposed list. They would both help to make immigrants feel at home, while St. Teresa is the one recorded instance of a pious woman with a sense of humour; and St. Hilda stands for all older women who try to find the truth in the new ways. St. Hilda had just the same spiritual conflict of 'St. George for the King and St. Michael for the Truth' that we have to go through to-day. Her early loyalty was given to the Christ-like saints of Iona; yet she recognised that the arrogance of Rome and St. Wilfrid were on the forward trend for God's purpose for the world, and she accepted them loyally.

The American Church of to-day possesses a wonderful gift of prayer, which reminds one of Jeremy Taylor and Dr. Pusey. It will be recognised by those who use *The Book of Prayers and Offices*, put forth by two priests in 1896, and owing much to Phillips Brooks; or *Prayers Old and New*, collected this year by Dean Rousmaniere; or the little book of prayer by Dr. Nash; or the Prayer Cards put forth by Dr. Slattery of New York, also by Dean Scarlett of Phoenix, whose Prayers have been collected lately.

In books a wonderful contribution to the religious life of to-day will be found in Dr. A. V. Allen's *Continuity of Christian Thought*, and in Dr. Nash's *Atoning Life*, and in Phillips Brooks' sermons.

Dr. E. S. Drown's *Apostles' Creed To-day* (Macmillan) will be found an excellent explanation for the puzzled layman, while with it should be

mentioned Dean Hodge's small book on *The Episcopal Church*. The *Responsive Readings*, drawn up by Dr. Drury and his boys (at St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H.), might make Bible reading more real at our own public schools.¹

These responsive readings are for occasional use in the daily chapel service. There are 124 of them, arranged in four groups of about 12 verses each :—

An Event in our Lord's life,
A Counsel of Perfection,
A Passage of Christian Teaching,
A Passage of Worship or Vision.

Any one of them can be chosen, and the boys read every alternate verse as a response.

The House of Prayer, by Florence Converse, is a story for children, but few books hold so much teaching on prayer. If every godparent gave it as a christening present, she would deserve well of her godchild, especially if she followed it up by Mrs. Richard's *Golden Windows* (a book of stories that can stand beside 'Parables from Nature'); if she also gave *Mary Slessor of Calabar*, the child would probably become a missionary.

Twenty Minutes of Reality, by Margaret Prescott Montague, may be taken as a story or as a revelation, but it stands beside 'Brother Lawrence'

¹ In America Public School stands for our County Council Schools; our Eton and Winchester and such as Groton (under Dr. Peabody) and St. Paul's (under Dr. Drury) would be called Private Schools. They also have old-established Grammar Schools, such as Andover and Exeter, which correspond with our Christ's Hospital and Blundell's.

in bringing home to us the change that may come into our life by opening our eyes to the sunshine of God's love.

In the Service of the King (Putnam), by a Virginian clergyman named George Dunn, would hearten many a young country parson to keep up vigour in his work.

Any book by President Churchill King, of Oberlin, especially the one on *Friendship*, may be relied on to speak home to men of to-day; as also *What men live by*, by Dr. Richard Cabot.

Christian Nurture is a series of handbooks of Sunday-school teaching. (I write from memory, so I ask forgiveness if there are any mistakes.)

Of these there is one for each successive period of two or three years that the child passes through, culminating in the last—not yet written—which is to be for the young man and woman going into life, and which will deal with new religions such as Theosophy, difficulties in trade morals and in social life.

Each deals with one special age as a whole, giving all which that age should assimilate of prayer and doctrine, fellowship in missions and social service, and relationship to home. It speaks to that age only, and so stands alone; while it is consecutive in its progress, it is isolated in its matter. Hence the child of nine has its own outlook on the world, instructed by a clear idea of how religion bears on its own problems and ambitions. Instead of a continuous treatment of the Bible (in which Stage II does such books, and Stage III the next, because this is historically correct), this series aims at making

Stages II and III each realise what the Bible as a whole means to the child of such an age.

Most schemes deal logically and connectedly with each subject; this aims at dealing psychologically and connectedly with each child. Here the child in Stage I has as much of each branch of the Christian life as it can profitably hold; but in each succeeding stage, growing and selective emphasis is laid on this or that of the branches, as is best for a human being of that age, who has to be turned out in a perplexing and needy world, requiring help to know his God and (in spite of his youth) to be a responsible fellow-worker with Him in building His kingdom.

The method is to give, each Sunday,

A slip to the child, with notes of the lesson just heard, to help his memory; also giving him some home work.

A slip to the parent, to suggest how to help the child in that home work.

A slip to the teacher, giving outlines of next Sunday's lesson, and also spiritual help to the teachers, as their growth is the only security for the child's growth.

This scheme—

Links the parent and the church,
Gives spiritual help to the teacher,
Makes the child a loyal churchman at each stage of his life.

No matter at what age the child may be taken away from the school, or move from the district, he will have a definite grip, according to his time of life, on

The Sacraments,
Worship,
The place, power, and claim of the Church in the world,
His own social duty as a citizen of to-day.

instead of waiting till, at a later age, the whole teaching on such a subject as the sacraments is concentrated into one year.

An important point is that the scheme is arranged to work directly on the child's home, and various clergy have found that parents come to them for help about the home work, that the child may not think them wanting.

IV. *Place of Missions in the Church*

Perhaps the place of missions in the American Church will be best given by a speech I heard from Mr. George Wharton Pepper at a drawing-room meeting at St. Louis.

I've had sixteen years' education at the Church's expense on the Board of Missions. True education consists in contact with men and women of vision, force, character, nobleness; and when I look at the men in the mission field, I thank God for the education they give me.

Sometimes men see visions I cannot—it often so happens in social matters—and I have to remind myself that I am only a hard-headed lawyer, and need to live with visionaries, even though to me their feet often are not on the ground. And the Church needs them—if she is not to do as England did with Wesley.

What I feel most about the Board of Missions is that just as preaching and sacraments are not handed over to a Board among our clergy, so with Missions. The whole Church must do it. You cannot expect to go on breeding a race of heroes such as you have now, and yet be yourselves choked with luxury and comfort.

This claim of mission work on every member of the Church is grandly recognised by American churchwomen. The Women's Auxiliary to the Board of

Missions includes every American churchwoman in virtue of her baptism ; and in every parish it is steadily uniting all churchwomen in efforts for missionary work and study. The women's 'United Offering' is an asset of the first order to missionary work.

Englishwomen are apt to look on Missions as one of many vocations, whereas American women realise that they are the basis of all membership in Christ's army. The real business of a living body is to propagate and grow ; and the whole body must do this, not merely one part of it.

Americans are helped to feel this by the fact that their 'missions' include the less settled tracts of their own country, which cannot as yet be self-supporting in church work, and are therefore as much in need of help from a Central Board as the South Sea islander.

Those in England who work for poor districts would be reckoned in America as belonging to the 'Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions.'

The main work of the Women's Auxiliary is missionary work and study, but under Miss Lindley, the president of 1918, it marked the coming year of reconstruction by issuing a call for a women's crusade to rouse every churchwoman to definite work for Christ.

Under Miss Emery, the last president, it organised a National Year of Prayer. Five subjects were agreed upon, and a special week was assigned to each diocese, starting on Advent Sunday with the east coast. Diocese after diocese, as its week came, took up its note in the great chorus, so that a cloud of incense

gradually rolled across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

During the special week the diocesan workers strove to rouse the mother of each household to form new, or better, habits of private or family prayer.

Surely we may ascribe to this year of prayer much of the wonderful response made by the women of America to the call of the war in the following year.

The business of Missions is assigned to a special board consisting of sixteen Bishops, sixteen Clergy, and sixteen laity. This board is kept informed of all problems; they report on these and frame a budget every three years for the convention. The convention then maps out a policy for the coming three years, suggesting where emphasis should be placed.

V. Dean Rousmaniere's Classes in Personal Religion

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, did some of his best work when he appointed Dr. Rousmaniere as his Dean, and even the scantiest account of American church work must include what Dean Rousmaniere does at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in Boston. The Dean uses the Cathedral as a place for religious and liturgical experiments, and the interweaving of religion into national and international life. Look at the printed midday services for each day of the week: at the alternative Sunday evensongs: at the special services for such occasions as the death of Lord Kitchener and of Colonel Roosevelt: and then wish as I do, that we lived within reach of the Boston Cathedral.

He aims at reinforcing the Church calendar by

making his people friends with such omitted saints as St. Francis of Assisi, who was his subject for a set of Lenten Addresses. Another Lent he read the Bible consecutively, and with a few passing comments and explanations, as if it were a new book just published.

His main tool is his Friday morning half-hour of 'Instruction in Personal Religion.' These take less than half an hour, at the shopping time of the day, and many turn in with their parcels. Most people try for half an hour's preliminary silence.

Then the Dean reads out requests for intercession, and says a few words of prayer about each ; then come a few such prayers as are in his leaflets, always including his Class Prayer about 'God's besetting care.' Then comes an address of about ten minutes, and then silence.

He discussed methods for such classes in religion at St. Louis, and is bringing out leaflets giving other people's plans, so that there may be a certain amount of standardisation, such as is aimed at in the Clerical Architectural Society—a committee of clergy and architects, to which any parish may send its plans for church buildings and get criticism and advice.

Just at present his work is developing on the lines of Retreats, both for clergy and for laymen—a couple of days in which to think things over ; not so much to listen to his ideas, as to think out for themselves the problems he suggests.

Dean Rousmaniere speaks for himself in his printed papers, but they cannot tell you the power he is in Boston Cathedral and in the whole continent. He is Dean of America rather than of Boston, and his

weekly leaflets¹ meet one in every house from east to west.

These leaflets are very representative of his peculiar power of infusing a sense of the Presence of God, not only into the religiously minded, who would very possibly have found it for themselves, but also into the hurried, worried lives of commonplace people, who, but for him, would have felt, 'This quest is not for me.'

His curate said to me that at the Christmas-Eve Communion, as he watched the faces of those who knelt, he thought he had never seen so many weary people.

The Cathedral is able to be the heart of Boston because the Dean has no parish or congregation of his own, so people can come here for help without in any way being disloyal to their own church.

The Dean works for spiritual influence, not political; but you see many men at his church, and he has Retreats for men as well as for women. Perhaps the first story I ever heard of him will show you the kind of influence he exercises on public life.

'Do you remember preaching on such a text a year ago?' said a man. 'No,' said the Dean. 'Well, it made me double all my wages.' 'You must have mixed me up with some other preacher; I never say that kind of thing.' 'If you had said it, *I* shouldn't have done it; for I never believe the clergy understand business. But you spoke so incisively on in-

¹ Anyone can have these by writing to the Secretary, St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., and enclosing a penny for the leaflet and another for the postage.

dividual duty to those we employ, that I went home and thought things out for myself with that result.'

However, some clergy understand business, for it was during my visit that Bishop Lawrence brought to a successful close his great scheme of a Church Pension Fund, which will increase the power of the efficient by eliminating worry, and of the Bishops by eliminating the inefficient without cruelty.

Till this year, sick or aged clergy had to depend on Church Charity; but now a scheme of contributory pensions is working on a sound business basis, the benefit beginning at sixty-nine years of age.

It will increase year by year, but even now it controls £150,000.

But finance does not absorb all the Bishop's energies, for last Advent he started a 'Twenty Weeks' campaign,' in which he called for lay help, both men and women, and printed a booklet of short Bible readings and prayers for three weeks.

On Advent Sunday every house in Massachusetts was visited by one of these lay helpers, who explained the Bishop's idea of enrolling every member of every household in his church army for active work for Christ.

Every fifth Sunday the next booklet was brought round, and finally a plain and comprehensive list of suggestions as to needed work in the diocese and in households.

VI. *Position of the Episcopal Church*

English people generally suppose that the Episcopal Church holds the same position in America as with us, whereas it is one of the smaller among the religious

bodies of America. A New England Bishop told me that Congregationalism was practically the Established Church in his diocese, and that in some places it took courage for a man to avow himself an Episcopalian.

Roughly speaking, the Roman Catholics hold one-third of the population, because of the large number of Roman Catholic immigrants ; Baptists and Methodists take another third, through the attraction of their Revivalism for the Negroes.

Yet, in going about the country, I found that Episcopalians count in weight almost more than any other body ; certainly largely out of proportion to their numbers.

As all the religious bodies have noticeably fine leaders, the position of the Episcopalians may probably be attributed to their settled forms of order and worship. Congregationalists are beginning to see the value of Episcopacy as a form of church government, and many Nonconformists use our prayers to a large extent, realising how rich they are with ' the memories and beauties of the ages.'

The result of our accustomed prayers is seen in character, as Keble pointed out in the preface to ' The Christian Year ' (which every churchman should read, even if the poems are too old-fashioned for us) ; and the liturgy of the Episcopalian Church in America has preserved for her, poise and restraint, catholic temper and historic beauty.

But faith is more than order ; the Episcopalian has a deposit of truth enshrined in creeds, and solves new problems by old principles. Other bodies without that safeguard are apt to think more of the

problems than the principles. The most wide-minded American churchman whom I met, who is most keen for unity with all, told me with regard to the doctrine of the Incarnation that most Christians outside the Church look only at contentions as to its method, and forget its being the basis of all our faith. He was once speaking on Faith and Order, and a young Congregationalist minister came up and said, 'How much stress you lay on the Incarnation!' 'Yes; don't you?' 'Well, of course, it's a *most* interesting question!'

To some extent the American Church is kept closer to the creeds than we are, because her increase in numbers is largely due to the yearly influx of convinced and thoughtful people from other communities. They take nothing for granted, so she has to make good her statements in a way seldom required where her members mostly belong to her through ancestral or national custom.¹

VII. *Christian Unity and the Commission of Faith and Order*

The crowning glory of the American Church is the Commission of Faith and Order. After the Interdenominational Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910, which discussed points of agreement, Bishop Brent suggested the idea of a

¹ The result of the Religious Census of 1910 (taking millions only) is as follows: Roman Catholics, $15\frac{1}{2}$; Methodists and Baptists, $14\frac{1}{2}$; Lutheran, $2\frac{1}{2}$; Presbyterian, $2\frac{1}{4}$; Disciples of Christ, or Campbellites, 1; Episcopalians, 1; Congregationalists, $\frac{3}{4}$; Reformed, $\frac{1}{2}$. This leaves about two millions for Christian Scientists and other sects.

conference in America which should discuss points of disagreement.

The idea was due to Bishop Brent, but the life of the movement owes nearly as much to the inspiration and labour of its secretary, who, alongside of his professional work as a lawyer, has given to this cause what would have been a life's work for any other man. If America's calendar holds an apostle of the Indians in John Eliot, she has in Robert Halliwell Gardiner an apostle akin to St. Paul in the devotion and scope of his work for all the churches.

The object of this commission is to induce each body of Christian believers to arrange its belief under three heads :

1. What is common to other Christians.
2. What is peculiar to itself and, in its own view, essential.
3. What merely concerns custom or order, and is therefore capable of alteration if it conflicts with unity.

The next step will be for each body to examine the special truths held by others, with the large-hearted intention of finding out what is sound and Christlike in the views those others have been led to see.

The final step will be a conference whose aim should be appreciation, not contention. This could not fail to promote a will to unity; and greater uniformity could follow or not, as might be felt right.

Bishop Montgomery, speaking for England at the St. Louis convention, quoted Dr. Moberly as

saying, in his Bampton lectures on the Holy Spirit, that the progress of the Church depended on her power in councils.

Bishop Montgomery congratulated the American Church on its management of councils and conventions :

You have grasped this truth, and your inclusion of laymen enables you to claim fully the work of the Holy Spirit in your gatherings.

Surely this will apply to Bishop Brent's council, if it ever comes to pass. Many former councils have defined Error; this will work on an entirely new method, appealing to all Christians to meet with the one object of finding out what is Christlike in each other's views.

No one church can give forms of worship and methods of statement which will satisfy every temperament. Each nation responds to special points in the mind of Christ, and His final appearing must tarry till China and Japan and other races each contributes its special ray of light to the white light of truth.

In the same way, each body of believers emphasises some special note of the truth which is essential to truth's full presentment. Unless each holds fast to that special emphasis, we shall lose some facet of the diamond of truth.

We should face the heathen in very different fashion if Christians would discuss their religion from this point of view, laying foremost stress on their points of agreement; and first and foremost on their initial agreement on the truth of the Incarnation as

the foundation of all moral, spiritual, and intellectual life.

The final words of the invitation of the American Episcopal Church to the Christian world in 1910 to join in this great conference, should be recorded for our example in every sketch of that Church.

With grief for our aloofness in the past and for other faults of pride and self-sufficiency which make for schism ; with loyalty to the truth as we see it, and with respect for the convictions of those who differ from us ; holding the belief that the beginnings of unity are to be found in the clear statement and full consideration of those things in which we differ, as well as of those things in which we are at one, we respectfully submit the resolution to arrange for such a conference.

Surely such large-hearted humility may bring about a united act of communion which might be the fulfilment of a prophecy made by Dr. A. V. Allen thirty years ago, when he said :

It is possible that the Protestant world now stands on the eve of some transition, waiting for the manifestation of its full content in a consummate act of worship.

III. THE WEST

CALIFORNIA

‘Go West, young man, go West.’—*Horace Greeley.*

ONE advantage of the long journey West is that you get much information from fellow travellers. One of mine gave me an account of what far-reaching use Americans make of their public libraries. There is generally a children’s room, where the children not only sit and read whenever they like, but they are also given ideas as to what and how to read. The head of the Ethical and Religious Department of a big library prints a monthly list of about a dozen books, useful for sermons and Bible classes; and speakers and preachers come to her for ideas for illustrations for sermons, and for information as to what is being talked of and questioned by the laity, who come to her for advice on books.

One mother came to her to ask what she should read to help her ‘boy of four who tells lies’; another, ‘for her girl of twelve, who won’t stay at home of an evening.’ A father came very grumpily to find a book that his teacher-daughter was ordered by the Education Board to read. ‘And what’s the use, when they’ve put her down to a slum school, instead of the decent children she has had till now.’

‘Do you mean to say they have given her foreigners to teach? Why, she must be a fine teacher, or they wouldn’t do that. How proud you must be of her!’ ‘Is that so? That hadn’t occurred to me.’ And he went off grinning from ear to ear.

Another came very wrath because the Education Board had ordered him to read a special book. ‘I’ve taught for twenty-five years without reading, and I’m a natural born teacher. It’s ridiculous.’

‘Do you know any of your fellow-teachers? And are they all natural born teachers?’ ‘Why, no, they’re not.’ ‘Well then, you won’t be sorry for a rule that makes them read what a man like you doesn’t really need.’ ‘I guess that’s pretty sensible.’ And he goes off in a good temper with life, thanks to a modern librarian who takes it as part of her job to keep up with new books on suggestion, Freud, the world soul, immortality, the various religious bodies (being herself a good churchwoman), &c., &c.

Or, was it thanks to meeting a wise woman, who handled him very much as her great-grandmother would have handled a sulky man!

Train to Colorado

I have enjoyed settling in for a forty-eight hours’ run. I have built a camp fire, &c., &c., i.e. tidied the innumerable contents of my grey bag of papers, which seems to weigh two ton! I am going through a flat, white world, and have just crossed the Mississippi frozen over, with three feet of snow on it.

I have a double seat, and the opposite one, now used for my papers, will make into my 'lower berth' for to-night. Just beyond, in *her* two seats, is a nice elderly woman, who said, 'Do let us be a little friendly,' as I came in and gazed down on her over my wall of defence (which is only as high as my head, so the seats are airy).

I took her in to luncheon, and find she is on her way to visit a daughter who keeps an entertainment house at Cedar Rapids. She lives in a village in Iowa, which has sent a vice-consul to England, and given a Governor to the State, so she feels in touch with the world. She says all talk of preparedness has died away since the Fall, and that it's hard to believe in the war when she is so far away, as she does not read about it in the papers for fear they do not tell the truth.

She said she would like to know about it. So I went off, as usual, on military propaganda, which I always accentuate, in case I am talking to a pacifist, to ensure that for once in their lives they shall hear the worth of war and the true values of death and comfort.

'Don't be sorry for us, we were money-making and comfort-loving before the war, and *now* there isn't a man, woman, or child that doesn't think just of what he can do for his country, and every one goes through the day busily and quietly, though they may have just said good-bye to son or husband.

'I heard the other day from a Canadian that he had seven cousins, all fine men over six foot; the youngest, Percy, was twenty-five. They all enlisted on one day, and the old grandfather (all they had) came to

see them off, along with Percy's girl, who was crying her eyes out.

'Percy looked at her for a minute, and then said : " Would you rather I died a man, or lived a coward ? " And then she dried up and never cried again, but just kissed him and sent him off.

' Don't you think war is worth while if it brings out that sort of spirit ? '

' Why, that's so,' said she, ' and it makes me feel as if we thought too much of comfort. Now, I wonder if it's asking too much of you ; but would you mind telling me what you think of us ? Or perhaps you'd rather not.'

' Why, I'd just *love* to tell you, because I admire America with all my heart, and I've met so much kindness that I shall feel in the debt of every American I may meet afterwards in any other country. I watch the way you're working things out to better the world, and to help all your immigrants, and to beautify your cities ; and your kindliness, which is as big as your country, and I admire it all more than I can say.'

She is very shy and quiet—a lady, just as every man I talk to is a gentleman—and she smiled up at me, and said, ' I'm so glad.' But when I settled down again in my entrenched wigwam (where she longs to make a raid and daren't), she came up with a pencil and paper, and said : ' I want to tell my daughter what you said. Would you mind saying a bit of it again ? ' I gladly wrote it for her, for I feel that every Englishman has a right to give the true faith about war, and that I personally have a right to express English ties

with America. I like planting a seed in an Iowa village which doesn't read the papers !

Merely looking out of the window teaches much. You do not realise how much, till you get back to England, and hear people talking as if America was a nice sizeable little country, rather like itself. Over here we think of America as a defined, related community like London, and we wonder that 'America' did not realise this or that, whereas we should never wonder that Europe as a whole was not moved by some one spur.

He was a wise man who said that the great thing at the Foreign Office was to have big maps. Whenever we make a statement about 'America,' we should always mentally remind ourselves that we might just as well have made our statement about 'the Continent of Europe.' We should then not wonder that 'America' had not read this or that book or speech, or realised this or that fact, any more than we should be surprised that Spain and Finland failed to respond simultaneously to an idea which happened to be moving London.

Denver Station,
January 14, 1917.

Early study of Bret Harte made me hope that I should here find shooting at sight, instead of which, as he said of Boston, 'Respectability stalks through the streets unchecked.'

This is a splendid station, with opal shades to the lights and very lofty. There is a big iron gateway to the town, with Mizpah in electric letters on it. Though

sharp-shooting seems dead, I suppose there is enough sharp practice to make the original business meaning of the prayer still suitable.

Broadmoor, Colorado Springs

Broadmoor, Colorado Springs,
January 15, 1917.

I have a cousin here, a Colorado health-seeker, who lives with friends—the wife of one of the cleverest law professors in America, and her delicate boy.

I wrote to ask that a room should be taken for me at the Antlers Hotel, but she wrote back that I must not think of this, as she had a spare room. When I arrived her boy met me, and said my cousin was in bed under a nurse. I was put into a most charming room, and it only gradually dawned on me that the nurse was in the spare room, and that Mrs. M—— had given me her own room and driven out her boy. Is there any woman but an American who would not have felt it a matter of course to let a perfect stranger carry out her own suggestion of an hotel?

We went for luncheon next day to a lovely house five miles out of town, driving across snow plains with the Rocky Mountains in the distance.

In their garden is St. Stephen's School for boys from ten to eighteen. Mr. Boothby, the head, an eager young fellow of six-and-twenty, sat next to me at luncheon.

‘What do you think of co-education?’

‘We don't care for it in England; but how does it strike you?’

' Well, it seems to me more natural, though I don't happen to have it.'

' We like it for tiny children, and we think men and women are the best help to each other there is ! But many of us think, in the intermediate stage, we can make a more complete man and a more womanly woman by keeping them apart, than if we mixed them while they were half baked, and each infected the other with their weaknesses. Besides, it isn't "nature" to live with *other* people's brothers.'

' I think there's a great deal in what you say. But you would not mind it for small children ? '

' No ! I go with you half the way ! '

' I can't help thinking we'd be able to go together all the way, and I want you to come and see my school.'

Talk turned on parents, and I stood up for them.

' Well,' said he, ' I was taking some of my boys for a thousand mile ride across country, and teaching them no end, in all sorts of ways ; and one of the fathers sent to ask for his boy to go by train to New York to see a prize fight, and to join me again later, and he couldn't make out why I refused ! '

Some one said across the table that his boy went to Kent School in Connecticut, the only ' plain living ' school in the States, kept by Father Sill, of the Society of the Holy Cross.

I said, ' Why is it the only one, when every American I meet laments the luxury of the country ? '

' Well, the mothers don't like their boys not to have curtains and soft chairs.'

' That's just what they quarrel with me about,'

said Mr. Boothby (and certainly his school was as simple as possible).

He is full of dodges and 'new toys,' and I said to him as he showed me round, 'Do you *know* what a happy man you are ?'

'I should just think I do ! Every minute is so full of happiness that I am quite astonished at it.'

He has cheque books for the boys, but each cheque shows how the whole account stands. The boy draws a cheque for each need, whether dress or school-books or pony's keep (each sees to his own pony) or sweets ; everything except tuition fees. When the total comes to a certain sum, Mr. Boothby sends the bundle of cheques to the father and gets a draft for the total. It saves all book-keeping, besides teaching the boy the value of money. If the father says 'He's spent too much,' he has to go through the cheques and come down on the son, not the schoolmaster.

I like the plan immensely, only being a woman I should have ridden a good idea to death and made my cheques with different colours for dress, school materials, games and miscellaneous, &c., so as to check the kind of expenditure more easily and to help the boy to realise how his money goes.

He has an Oratory for daily prayers, feels friends with his boys, and himself teaches classics as well as carpentry ; so I would heartily recommend his school, especially as his ambition is to turn out boys with public spirit, who will go into politics.

Our host was an interesting business man belonging to the Central Electric Federation, the biggest business in the world, of which all electric works are a part,

whether for water or lighting or anything else. He told me of all its welfare work, and the honest effort to make the lives of the workmen all they should be.

He went on to talk of the Round Table and the New Commonwealth.

‘Do you think it feasible?’ said I.

‘I don’t only think it *feasible*, I call it *necessary* for *England* to do it, and to do it without delay. My dream is that she and the United States should have a joint Navy. No two countries have so much in common, in ideas and methods and ideals. I don’t see how we could clash in the matter. England has ruled the sea for centuries, and never tried to grind her own axe, and I hope *we* wouldn’t either. It would settle all wars if we two said to the rest of the world: “Fight if you like, but we bar the seas to the commerce of any fighting nation.”’

A big business man joined in, saying, ‘When the war is over, we shall find the hardest trade competition we have ever known.

‘England has learnt the German method of getting her best business men to be in touch with her Government. She will have thousands of disciplined men to turn from soldiering to manufactories she is “making herself over,” and will stand out a nation of quite new fibre.

‘It will go hard with us to hold our own, for we have had no such discipline to make the best of *us*, and Democracy is always hard to combine with efficiency. We shall have to work out a compromise there, just as in education, where we have conflicting claims of

intellectual and vocational training, of old discipline and modern self-expression.'

Our host referred to the frequent irritation between England and America, and said: 'You needn't worry about that. We have each of us got disagreeable faults, and they tell much more between relations who speak the same language than with the French, between whom and us there is the safe barrier of not understanding what the other says; but you and we are both sensible and both idealists, and have such strong identity of blood and interests that we are safe to act together.'

The house was full of beautiful things. He began luncheon by saying: 'You've now come to what is known as the wild, woolly West.' I took up the lovely Sèvres lid of my soup cup and gazed at it, remarking meditatively, 'I never knew before that it looked like this.' 'Ah, but those are Indian relics,' said he.

Deaconess House, Haste Street,
Berkeley, California,

January 22, 1917.

In writing about Colorado I did not stop to tell you about the Cave of the Winds (a vast underground world, like the mammoth cave in Kentucky); and the Garden of the Gods (a great valley with gigantic figures of scarlet rock scattered about it); and the Seven Falls up the Cheyenne Gorge, where Helen Jackson (author of *Ramona*) was buried. But you can find them in any book of travels, as you will also find Niagara. I prefer to tell you of the group of business men in the train, who were

discussing motors as being no longer a luxury, but a business necessity.

‘ In 1915 we had a 15 million war order for wagons and harness ; in 1916 we made more than that in local orders for cars. Our war work is just dumping and a drop in the bucket ; we simply can’t supply the national need.’ ‘ 140,000 cars are made every year. Ford does more than all other concerns put together.’ ‘ Since six weeks ago Dodge Brothers managed Ford’s motors.’ Here I went off to watch the Royal Gorge mountains.

I was met at Berkeley by Deaconess Hodgkin. She is first cousin to Violet Hodgkin of ‘ The Fruits of Silence,’ and has the strength and beauty of the best North country type : the strength of the Quaker type of woman, who has always quietly been the man’s equal.

She took me to the large and sunny Deaconess House, with its sleeping porches and big mimosa tree. But on Monday I went to stay in San Francisco for the Convention week, as Berkeley lies across the Bay, with a ferry transit to the city.

I went to the Elect Lady, the Mother of the Church at San Francisco. I call her motor St. Francis’ Chariot, for it was always at everyone else’s service.

Bishop Nichols wanted the Exposition to put up a statue of St. Francis as the genius of the city, so that,

As New York has the great statue of Liberty, San Francisco should have a statue in honour of Character—the other great need of every nation.

It was not carried out, but my St. Francis does

instead, as a living image of him : I watched her all through the conference week, and she never failed to be alive to each person's feelings. She was always picking out this or that one in the crowd to say just the right thing to. No ! not the *right* thing, but the loving thing—no mere brain of any woman of the world could have been so quick to say just what would please and cheer—and the more shrinking and quiet anyone was, the more sure St. Francis was to whisper just the right word as she passed. 'Where were you yesterday ? Do come and tell the Bishop about it.'

She takes the Bishop and Mrs. Nichols in St. Francis' Chariot for tours round the distant parishes in Californian mountains, and cheers all the heartaches in lonely places, while her sense of civic duty is so strong that, legend says, she has been known to run from Rome to San Francisco for a council meeting.

Pacific Avenue, San Francisco,
January 25, 1917.

I was asked to make a speech to-night at the opening dinner of the House of Churchwomen, a parliament of some 200 or 300 women, most of them clergy wives, from all over California.

I called it a 'Message from England'; half of it was warm gratitude for their sympathy with us, and half was to point out that their sympathy must be congratulation, not pity, because the war was doing so much for us.

'It is filling us with the spirit you had in '76, and that's a very fine thing !' At this they all burst out laughing, and cheered heartily.

I went on to say that 'the Minute Man in Concord was the typical young Englishman now flinging his life away in the trenches. We want to see England full of such young men after the war, and you want it in America. Our aims are, as always, the same—for Liberty and Country and God.'

They cheered again here, and I think everyone in the room came up after dinner to say that they wanted a real British hand-shake, as they were English underneath, and they had never guessed that England was taking the war like this; that it was just the message they needed for America.

Mrs. Bulkeley, the president, and Mrs. Nichols, the Bishop's wife, sat at one end of the speakers' table, and Mrs. Mitchell, a vice-president, had me under her wing at the other.

We had an ideal toast mistress, who linked the speakers together so simply and so happily. She had clear-cut features, and a carriage reminding one of the woman in Browning's 'The Italian in England,' who might be a model for Britannia or Columbia.

Mrs. Nichols spoke first, on Diocesan Feeling, and then Mrs. Lincoln on Clergy Wives. Her text was :

the Owl, that wise old bird,
The less he spoke, the more he heard.

Miss Harker (the head of a school) on Disconsolate Hymns; Mrs. Palmer Lucas (wife of the medical specialist on children in the Belgian Relief Commission) spoke on Movies, and how they fed the natural love of romance, which must be fed otherwise if you wanted to compete.

Jackson Street, San Francisco,
April 1, 1917.

I am staying with two of the most charming people here, and their daughter and a telephone. After the eighth call at breakfast, the mother said very sweetly to the daughter, 'Beatrix dear, I think it is your turn now.'

Some relation of hers sent knitted socks for the soldiers, and her parcel was acknowledged in verse :

Dear Lady,—Thanks for the socks, they are some fit,
I use one for a helmet, another for a mit.
I'd like to see you when I've done my bit.
But—where in Hell did you learn to knit ?

A Scotch hearer's comment on it was, 'It's amazing to find how few American women know how to knit.' This, as the only 'reaction,' seemed to me more amusing than the verse. I had expected a smile, if not reprobation; but some one suggested it contained a national note, pointing to the fact that American women are always busy on some hustling job, and seldom 'do needlework'—unless, indeed, they are making a dress, which is as busy a job as anything else in the household. Perhaps this involves a lack of repose; also, perhaps, smoking may prove the required sedative !

Another American woman, a remarkably clever one, complained one day how badly she was educated, and that women in America hadn't a fair chance or real scope. She says that husbands are absurdly generous, and give their womenkind everything in the world, except five minutes of their time; that you hardly meet your husband till you are both growing

elderly, as his business, his club, and his shooting absorb him.

She signs cheques and manages the house, but she can't make her husband see that she would be inspired to save, if part of the result was definitely paid over to her instead of swelling his unknown bank account.

This was a surprise to me, as I imagined the phrase, 'America is a woman's country,' meant a quite different condition of things. However, I tell the tale as it was told to me !

Pierce Street, San Francisco,
April, 1917.

Among the people who most impressed me was the head of a girls' school, who took infinite trouble to hunt me up when she was very busy, because of an insignificant act of neighbourliness which I had had the pleasure of showing her thirty years ago in Oxford.

I envied her children, for she had the courtly manner of a hundred years ago ; and I think it must have been her Scotch ancestry which made her like an old châtelaine I lately met, whose castle held a silver hunting-horn given by Robert Bruce after a night's entertainment.

It was not only for the Head's charm that I envied them, but because her school's wares were for ALL TIME, not only for THIS TIME.

I stayed a few days with her, and was much impressed with the logic and grasp and justice of a school debate on '76, and with her own literature

classes to seniors on Addison, Milton, Swift, Bernard Shaw, Francis Thompson—one after the other given without notes, out of a full head and heart, full of fact and quotation, not mere enthusiasm.

The country round about San Francisco is the most richly beautiful in the world ; its undulating hills have gracious curves, like a beautiful woman (I never saw an angle anywhere) ; it has acres of flowers (the scarlet orange of the Californian poppy, the shimmering blue of the lupin), its forests of apple-blossom, its magnificent views from the hilltops over the great San Francisco Bay with its Golden Gate—Mount Diavolo guarding it on the one side and Mount Tamalpais on the other.

On April 2, the birthday of a New America, I and a friend were walking on Tamalpais and among the Muir Redwoods at its foot. We had an undercurrent of Myers' 'St. Paul' and Edward Sills' poems ; but the two great voices of Wordsworth's sonnet and the silent roar of the Redwoods drowned all other music.

Yet on the walk to 'those Redwoods of a thousand years' nothing could blind our eyes to the present glory of the undergrowth by the roadside : it was full of daphne, madroño, robin hood, with its red wood clusters like lilies of the valley ; manzanita, cyanotis (blue, white, and lilac) ; iris (buff, lavender, and purple), yellow violets, wood sorrel, pink lavender, chaparral (mountain bush), yerba santa (with a sticky leaf and spicy aromatic smell), chinquapin (a low chestnut), and the fragrant greasewood.

Burlingame,
April 7, 1917.

I am staying up on the hills with a glorious view of the San Francisco Bay. I call my host Sir Walter Raleigh, since I am sure this is his right by spiritual descent. He was the son of a pioneer, and is an ardent lover of the ideal San Francisco he strove hard to make.

I do not wonder at his pride, when I hear of the rebuilding after the earthquake and the fire : those were ' days when there were giants in the earth,' when all men were brothers and all things seemed possible. You need the spirit of Sir Walter's speech to give you the real feeling of those days, though Mrs. Atherton's ' Ancestors ' has a grip of facts, and a pride in California, that make it worth reading.

Sir Walter was one of the red-blooded Westerners who suffered bitterly under neutrality. The strongest war spirit in the world was raging in the heart of these few, who saw the real questions at issue, and whose hands were tied. When these fetters were broken on April 2, I was among such, and the air seemed so tense with joyous Berserker rage of battle that one felt in the centre of some electric storm.

In his room hung *Punch's* ' Lusitania ' picture of May 12, 1915, where Britannia says :

In silence you have looked on felon's blows,
On butcher's work of which the waste lands reek ;
And now in God's Name, from Whom your greatness flows,
Sister, will you not speak ?

I am glad I was in the fighting West on the great

day when he could send an answer from Columbia to Britannia :

‘Too proud to fight!’

We have borne insult, wrong, and jeer
In patient silence for the love of Peace.
Few then could measure our soul’s agony;
Some named it craven Fear!

Now for God’s right
And man’s insufferable wrong
The Nation rises, that the evil cease,
No longer burdened, patient, meek,
Our sister! *now we speak.*

To-day we had a large gathering (largely due to Sir Walter) of the American League of California. It was a glorious day. The Roman Catholic Archbishop Hanna gave the opening prayer—a courageous act in such an Irish city; President Wilbur gave a statement of the League, followed by a judge of the State Court and Professor Gayly (of Berkeley University, a fighting soul, if ever there was one); and finally Bishop Nichols gave George Washington’s benediction most beautifully.

The meeting felt as if it were one of the sources of the great river of freedom, which will flow through the world, and it was grand to see the great peace-loving nation walking into the arena. The old-time Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney must have cheered them on, alongside of Washington and Hamilton, the travail of whose souls had been ‘for such a time as this.’

The Sir Walter of San Francisco in 1917 and the Units he helped to go across, were of the race

described in Chapman's 'Eastward Ho!' a play of the days of the old Sir Walter :

A frank gale of wind go with him ; we need more such knight adventurers who would sell away competent certainties to purchase (with danger) excellent uncertainties. Your true knight adventurer ever does it.

Hotel del Monte,
February, 1919.

This hotel is a big old-fashioned place, dear to all native-born Franciscans, who often use it for Christmas and other family gatherings. It has lovely grounds, a forest of old cedars and live oaks and Monterey pines. Five minutes' walk takes you up to some sand dunes, where you lie down on lonely firs, looking over the sweep of Monterey Bay, with long white Pacific breakers sweeping up to your feet. Out to the left is the headland where stands Monterey, the old Spanish capital of California, of an older day than San Francisco.

From where I sit, it looks only a dash of darker colour on the green hill-side ; but I seem to hear long-ago echoes of the music of Spanish fandangoes, danced by beauties of sixteen, and the pistol shots which so often ended them.

One of those beauties was Maria Ygnacio Bonifacio, the sweetheart of General Sherman when he was a lieutenant in 1842. He gave her a rosebud which she grafted on to her tree in front of her adobe house in the big street of Monterey, from which I gathered a rose last week. He was to have come back before it bloomed, but he only returned in 1860, with Lincoln,

and the great excitement of the town was to find out whether the lovers had even met. My old friend (widow of the sheriff who used to stop the pistol-shooting at the Spanish dances) was a friend of hers, and showed me some embroidery done by the beauty when she was eighty, and still waiting. 'She went to Mass every day, and seemed happy with her needle.'

In those early days there was also the Governor's daughter, who fell in love with a young Russian secret envoy, who also never came back.

But some fifteen years afterwards, a casual English visitor at her father's dinner-table spoke of a clever Russian diplomatic friend who had died of small-pox on his way back from California fifteen years before.

She then entered the convent on the hill just beyond the Governor's house, and was a beautiful old abbess in my friend's youth.

Monterey stands on the Camine del Re, the Road of the King, stretching all down the Californian coast, with magnificent old Spanish mission houses at intervals along its course, with the old bell still on the roadside pole (alongside telegraph posts !) by which travellers in distress called for assistance. The old houses of Spanish beauty and fashion are mostly gone, and their place taken by wooden shops ; but those old love stories of past beauties and fiery lovers make it dominate that magnificent bay, with the great rolling breakers, and put life into Mrs. Atherton's 'Splendid Idle Forties,' which before had seemed rodomontade to an English reader. Romance is everywhere ! Take, for instance, Watsonville : that sounds an unromantic name, but an old lady told me

that in her youth there was a Colonel Watson so handsome and fascinating that everyone loved him, and called their new town after him. What buried poetry there can be in the names of places !

I heard the stories from a beautiful old lady of eighty, one of the pioneers, brought up to carry a six-shooter, an English bull-dog, in her belt. Her husband (his picture showed him with the youngest eyes I ever saw) was sheriff in the old days when he had to ride out to the nightly Spanish feast which ended in free-shooting, and fetch out his man and hang him to a lamp-post.

She drove me over (by the 'Seventeen Mile Drive,' every inch of which is beautiful) to Carmel, on the shore of the Pacific, where there is a colony of artists and the ruined Spanish Mission Church, which was magnificent in its loneliness and size, and where I rang its great bell—which brings good luck. Here was buried Junipero Serra, the founder of all these missions, which played a great part in Californian history and romance. When my friend was a girl, his coffin was opened, and a man gave her a bit of the stuff of his robe. She sent a scrap of it to a Mother of a convent near by, who had been kind to her, and years after she found that a daily Mass had been said for her as the donor of such a relic.

We went in one of the glass-bottomed boats, through which you look down and see all the wonders of the mermaids' homes in the bay—forests of seaweed, shells and crabs, and strange fish.

I had a delightful walk with Mrs. Stansfeld on the short turf near the sea, rich with yellow

forget-me-not, Californian poppy, Johnny jump-up (a yellow pansy), tidy tips (small marigolds), hare's-foot, Indian paint brush, and many another. In the afternoon we drove to the great forest of the Redwoods, a magnificent cathedral which must be either seen or read of in John Muir's books.

When I returned to San Francisco St. Francis drove me through this lovely country to call on a lady of the *ancien régime* of old Gloucestershire descent, who escaped, over twenty years ago, from the great fire of Chicago, only to be driven out again by that of San Francisco.

She is now over ninety, and lives alone in a Cherry Tree Cottage, rousing all the country-side to build a parish hall where boys and girls can dance. She made a sponge cake to greet us, whose recipe must have been one of those in manuscript of Italian handwriting that a hundred years ago would placidly call for the whites of three dozen eggs as an ordinary incident in cooking.

St. Francis drove me on to a lonely valley among the hills, where the Temple of the Waters is built over the fountain head of the Seven Streams that supply San Francisco. Seven beautiful columns support a circular roof, round which is carved, 'O all ye Waters, bless ye the Lord.'

Then we drove on a very long way to old Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's 'Hacienda.' It is a beautiful house on Spanish Mexican lines; the garden full of olives, almonds, oaks, mimosa, Japanese quince; and up on the hillsides is a barbecue pit for roasting oxen whole on great occasions. In the patio,

or inner court, there was a lovely well head from Venice, and the house was full of treasures from all over the world.

People often talk as if all Californians were at feud with Japan; but I went to an At Home at the Yu Ai Kai, a Women's International Friendship Society.

It aims at placing the relations between Japanese and American women on the basis of Christian Friendship. They have an advisory committee of men conversant with questions of international relationship, and other committees for forming study classes and reading circles, and to prepare a bibliography about Japan. Its corresponding secretary is Mrs. Kate A. Bulkley, at 2629, Haste Street, Berkeley, California. After a pleasant gathering, I gave a short address on Unity, and then one Japanese lady showed us how they arranged flowers with special meanings, and some more sang to us.

I lately heard an interesting lecture on the future of Japan by Mr. Gulick. He says:

Japan has kept well to her gentleman's agreement about not allowing emigration after 1907, but she greatly resents being discriminated against. On the other hand, the Pacific coast is right to save itself from being overrun. My remedy would be, not to discriminate against any nation, but to refuse to be a dumping ground for any, whether white or otherwise. I would have the reception and education of aliens systematised, and only admit as many of each race as you could Americanise year by year. All should be welcome, if they would aid America in her democratic experiment and accept national duties; but they should no longer feel free to come to make a fortune, and to continue their own national life, as in the case of Germans, or the Russians who come to escape military service.

Empire Mine, Grass Valley,
California,

March 16, 1917.

We came up yesterday from San Francisco ; we took from 2 P.M. to 9 P.M. and found the remains of snow. It is glorious air, with the smell of pines everywhere. We are up in the hills, with the old mining valley a mile or so below.

I have come here to stay at Sir Walter's Empire Gold Mine in Grass Valley. There was a real Bret Harte mining village, still unchanged. One little house with roses over it had been the retreat of Lola Montez, which brought curious reminiscences of the King of Bavaria's Room of Beauties in the Munich Palace. It is now called 'Brenan's Folly,' because of a miner who staked his all on his excavation. He went on getting poorer and poorer, and finally in despair killed his wife and children, and then going to the mine with his last charge of dynamite, blew himself to atoms ; but that last charge reached the desired level, and his body was found covered with gold.

I went there to the village this morning with my fellow guest, who pointed out the Public Library, saying, 'That and the school are the heart of the place now, as the Church was in the Middle Ages. The people look on them as meaning progress, and on the Church as bound up with autocrats.'

She went on to talk War Politics and impressed on me that if T.R. or Elihu Root had beaten the big drum and called on America to follow, the conscientious pacifists, who are the salt of the earth, and the Germans, and the Jews who hated

Russia, and the '76, who had a sullen dislike of British redcoats and arrogance, and the unimaginative, prosperous Middle West, would all have stood still.

Not only would they have been numerically formidable, but the moral effect of America's entry into the war would have been spoilt altogether. She also gave me a clear account of the President's Mexican policy, so enthralling that we hopelessly lost our way. I told her that at Easter, 1915, I was waiting at York station, talking politics to the first railway woman-porter I ever saw—a tall, grave, handsome woman—who said, 'I can't make out America. Wilson is either the weakest or the strongest man I have come upon.'

I spent the afternoon with Mrs. Halleck Foote, who lives a few miles away. You walk through the woods and suddenly come on 'A Princess of the Beechwood' who would have enchanted George Macdonald with the charm of her Quaker Soul, romantic Heart and keen Mind. Owen Wister (himself the master of Western novels) says, 'It was a happy day for the tenderfoot when he read the first sage-brush story by Mary Halleck Foote. At last a voice was lifted to honour the cattle country and not to libel it: she clothed the civilian frontier with serious and tender art.'

Yesterday Mr. George Starr, the manager, took me over the gold mine.

I dressed up in a blue miner's suit with wading boots, and discovered at last how unfairly women are weighted. I was able to splash through a track that was half water with no thought of a muddy petticoat, and this made one's mind curiously free.

Not quite, though ! for just as an amputated leg or arm can suffer shoots of pain, so that amputated petticoat dogged my footsteps in a curiously ghost-like way, till I roused all my manhood to throw it off, with the same sort of effort required when one forces oneself to go up to what seems a ghost.

The mine was full of the poetry of machinery. To be more definite in description, you half lie, half sit, on a long board two feet wide, with transverse pieces to catch your heels to prevent sliding, as this is going down the shaft at a slope of thirty to forty degrees.

We went down 4600 feet, passing various stations on the way, where we got out to look at the machinery of the pumps, that send up 800 gallons of water every minute. The drip, drop by drop, makes a continual young river, let alone winter floods.

Each station has a telephone, and a medicine-box of bandages and iodine ; if a man cuts his finger, he puts on iodine instead of losing the finger, and costing the mine three or four hundred dollars compensation.

Mr. Starr dined with us last night, and I showed him the Anarchist bits about mines, in Robert Herrick's ' Life for a Life.' He says it is out of date, as now Government inspectors go everywhere.

Once a month he has a meeting of all the mine bosses (twenty or so), and three underground miners and three surface men. Each brings a list of complaints, as to safety, sanitation, &c., in every part of the mine. These points are all righted by the next meeting, or read out again.

In 1894 he went to the Rand for five years,

and since then he has worked the Empire Mine for his cousin, with, every year, new ideas and new machinery. He has four times scrapped it all !

Various stations led off into drifts (rock passages, along which they bring the ore to the chief shaft), but we waited until we got to the bottom, where I was put into an iron tub of a car, and drawn along by a mule, for some two miles, under the village of Grass Valley. As we went along we saw ' the White Vein ' by the light of the miners' acetylene lamps—the white quartz in which lies the gold.

In the train to Sacramento,
March 20, 1917.

I started back at 6.15, with the sun just rising ; the air was vividly sweet and crisp, and the train ran along the crest of the Foot Hills, so that one had wide views of hilltops stretching to the distant mountains. The hills had sparse pine trees, so that the sun threw their black shadows on the short turf that covered the hills. There were all manner of pines, larches, live oaks, and patches of olive-like manzanita, with its red stems. Some trees are still a bare tracery of boughs, some breaking out in red tips, but the most part are graceful, free-growing evergreens.

Here is a white cherry orchard, and a man in a red shirt on a stampeding brown horse has just gone by it. Here comes an almond orchard and young green willows, and now a cutting of red earth.

The hill slopes are covered with white or pink orchards, growing on red-brown earth, with a tinge of green in the trough of each ribbon of land.

We are now only 600 feet high, and palm trees are beginning again. A church bell is ringing, four great horses are waiting to pull a wagon across the track when we pass; on the other side a richly-dressed motor party are waiting.

A Chinese mother and baby have just got in and sat down opposite a tall, old Spaniard, with a fine face, a moustache drooping two inches below his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat. The orchards are deeper pink now, and we are at Loomis, which is only 400 feet above sea level.

Palo Alto,
Saturday, March 24, 1917.

I arrived about five o'clock from Grass Valley, and was met by my hostess, the vice-president who took care of me at the Churchwomen's dinner; but, in spite of her queen-like dignity of appearance, I found her so strongly and so pleasantly excited over her next neighbour having just wrecked a train in Arizona, that I fear she is a pirate or buccaneer at heart, though she looks (as she undoubtedly is) one who feeds on George Herbert and Charles Lamb; while a strong sense of humour and a *young* intensity of hopeful interest in the possibilities of life, especially in Arizona, make her guests fortunate indeed.

She took me next day to the Leland Stanford University, which is strongly reminiscent of Cordova, with its many palm trees and warm colouring of yellow stone. It was built by a very rich father and mother who lost their only son while yet a boy.

This building was the only outlet for all their

home-affections and personal interests in life, and one came on very pathetic little touches of this, as in the mother's Early Victorian dress, preserved in a glass case, as if it were a suit of Sir Edmond Verney's at Clopton. It must have been just as full of sentiment to her and her husband as any of the relics in old houses that move us all.

Her address to the girl students on what a woman should be (hung in the reading room) was very beautiful; and, as might be expected, of the same date as the dress. The whole place was a warm-hearted attempt to make Californians into good men, such as she would have liked her boy to be; and the girls into women of the type from which she would have had him choose his wife. We then went to the chapel, which suggests St. Mark's (rebuilt and decorated by Tiepolo): the wealth of gold mosaic was all done by Venetian workmen in modern Italian style.

The windows are full of landscape and figures like Sir Thomas Lawrence's—alternately men and women; long mottoes are inserted all over the walls, chosen by Mrs. Stanford, apparently from sermons of sixty years ago.

The service began with my favourite Whittier hymn, 'Dear Lord and Father of mankind.' Then an anthem; then Mr. Gardiner said the Confession; then the Lord's Prayer was sung in florid recitative; then a responsive reading from the Sermon on the Mount; then an anthem, 'But the Lord is mindful'; then Isaiah xl; then Matheson's hymn, 'O Love that will not let me go'; then a sermon from Mr.

Dutton, the leading Unitarian minister in San Francisco, on 'The things which are shaken.'

It was a strong indictment of Germany (though he called her Europe) as showing cruelty and evil beyond the most morbid imagination.

I do not preach war, but *if* we go to war, let us do it not for safety or dignity, but for the great things of life, righteousness and liberty ; for the things that we share with those nations tortured in liberty, who are now shedding their blood for them.

Let our preparedness be not economic, but the preparedness of the national soul. Let us be filled with love for the things that cannot be shaken.

Then came the national hymn. The whole service was R.C. in the way the congregation sat quiescent. I never realised before how democratic our liturgy was.

Train from San Francisco,
April, 1917.

The next day I went on South through the broad Salinos Valley, with mountains on each hand of blue haze shot with green forest and pink earth. Here and there was a belated apple orchard in blossom ; a field of lupin, where a shimmering blue cloud seemed to be resting, of soft, grey blue—not the hard gentian blue that is all a lupin can say to you when you pluck it.

Then came a long, low dairy farm, white, with a red roof, and some two hundred black and white Hessian cows. Then came an acre or two of orange, Californian poppy.

I was on my way to stay at San Luis Obispo. In

the evening I was driven about the country with a Spanish friend who told me of old customs. For instance, how in old days, though all smoked, no son ever smoked before his father, nor a daughter before her mother. We passed the house where her beautiful cousins had lived years ago; she said one of them was serenaded by a handsome Spanish count with a beautiful tenor voice. He used to ride out six miles from town to do it, then spent the night in dissipation, and was always at early Mass next morning. But he was in a galloping consumption, and one night he broke down, and was taken to a little adobe house hard by, where he soon died. While he was dying, the town band used to come to the next room to his and (out of devotion for him) practise the Dead March to be used at his funeral, their time and notes leaving much to be desired.

I feel as if the mists that surround the Fata Morgana's Palace, and hide it for ever from those who once leave it, have settled round San Francisco.

Never again can I possibly find such large-hearted, warm-hearted, open-heartedness, to say nothing of all the beauty and charm and sunshine that make even '*Californiacs*' seem inadequate to anyone who has so keenly tasted that sunshine of all kinds, as I have, though it seems midsummer madness till you have been initiated.

It is a startling experience to take a stray flight through the world and to alight unawares on a country which holds such unique riches of sunshine and charm. I shall always write myself down as a true '*Californiac*.'

IV. ARIZONA

El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon, Arizona,
April 28, 1917.

I AM sitting alone on a rock looking down into the canyon, where the Judgment Day seems to be past already, leaving the old world lying in ruins in the gulf at my feet.

Babylon the Great, with terraces of all colours, mostly rose, stretches out before me ; her topmost pinnacles are two hundred feet below, and the walls and terraces go down and down for another three or four hundred. (This is as I guessed, but the guide-book says thousands, not hundreds.) The straight line of the other side of the gulf has snow-clouds resting on it, while fitful gleams of sunshine rush up the cleft from the left and set it all on fire.

I have so often imagined Dante's Inferno that the whole place seems familiar, and curiously like one of Albert Moore's pictures.

I fancy it must be used for honeymoons, since when I left the hotel I saw two couples ; and when a young man puts his arm round a very unbecoming waterproof cloak—I was going to say, Romance is still alive ; but I will rather say, he must be a truly domestic character.

A great black storm-cloud is drifting up the canyon and sending long fingers of rain-cloud into it. I am so glad I saw it first like this ; it feels as if the original work of destruction was still going on and the city's wounds still bleeding.

. . . The cloud is half passed, and to the far left the sun is shining through its ragged edges and making the peak and pinnacles out yonder seem gates of pearl, like those in the old ballad of the Demon Lover :

‘ O yon are the hills of Heaven,’ he said,
‘ Which I may never gain.’

But it is all much more like the Halls of Eblis. What do that boy and girl mean by coming there ? I could imagine Paolo and Francesca hovering fearfully over it, but no other lovers.

I walked on round the edge—there are no rails, but a narrow path along the top—a cutting cold wind blew me towards the precipice, and the loose roads hurt one's feet. I realised how Dante clung to Virgil when he went up those loose stones, and how cold that blast from Cocytus was.

Farther along I walked right into the Wood of Harpies, twisted, gnarled old firs as old as Dante, or perhaps the *Æneid*. When I held on to one I did it cautiously, lest I should break a twig and

sighs mingled with blood
Should issue to the air.

I had planned to push to the farthest point I could see, but a hail-storm came on, and I was sorely tempted to let my tail go between my legs and rush home. But

I have never yet failed to get to a spot I planned for, and I am always fearing that my luck may turn if I once begin giving way, so I pushed on and got there !

The sun burst the black clouds asunder, and wrote a great ' scribble of red ' across the Temple of Semiramis with its terraces. . . . I suppose it wrote ' MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN ' ; anyway, the last syllable *must* have been SIN, for it all looked angry and wicked.

Then came the black cloud again, and a great roll of thunder echoed up the gorge, and I turned ! It took me a hard seventy minutes to get back, as the hotel had shifted itself three and a half miles farther away than when I left it ; and all the firs had changed their places and congregated, the better to devour me if darkness came on.

I remembered that there is no twilight here, that dinner must be on the table, that I had eaten nothing since breakfast ; so it was not all fear that made my knees tremble. There was not a soul stirring except myself and the Powers of the Air. I pressed on hard and hopelessly till I suddenly saw, high in the air, ' SOUVENIR STORE ' in iron letters. This heartened me up to the point of reaching the hotel and getting through soup, fish, pork chops, three vegetables, Salad (which is an important part of the American constitution and needs a big S), an ice, cheese, and coffee, before my next neighbour finished her fish, so I soon revived.

After dinner I went over to the Indian adobe house across the way, full of baskets and Navarrjo

blankets, where Indians danced to us. They tiptoed very rapidly so as to shake their hips, and walked up and down in that manner, while howling like angry wild cats, which made me think of Lady A. going to Nathan for a fancy dress of Henry of Navarre, and hearing him shout upstairs, 'Bring down the Angry Cat' ('Henri Quatre').

A 'buffalo dance for the crops' was a boy howling with a big drum, and a little girl gravely going up and down the room, waving bunches of grass. They all had good, kind, noble faces—not beautiful, but splendid faces for expressing virtues with. I did not like seeing them do what used to express their tribal Souls, for the amusement of us twenty or thirty whites, who all looked such an inferior breed compared with the dancers.

The Grand Canyon,
Sunday, April 29, 1917.

The Bishop of Arizona arrived here last night to hold the service and to carry me off on Monday to attend his annual convention at Prescott, a mining town in the mountains.

We had a delightful walk this afternoon. He took me to see an old pioneer, Captain Haire, who urged me to push on to the Hassayampa River. 'If you drink of it, you will never tell the truth, never have a cent in your pocket—and never leave Arizona.'

I wished I could, but consoled myself by a walk on the canyon edge with the Bishop, during which we composed a joint letter to Mrs. Bell (the Queen of Boston, who was so good to me last winter)—on

the ground that no one else would so realise that the right word for the canyon was

A rose-red city, half as old as Time,

since Dean Burgon was of a date worthy to be included in her book friends.

How personally she knows Boswell, Charles Lamb, De Quincey, and Scott, and how, in her talk, she intersperses with them the joys of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and all his set in Boston and Cambridge—not forgetting to show her Catholic power of enjoying a modern ‘dime’ novel on the lurid career of some Edward the Caresser of to-day, who felt so ‘real to her because he could be so definitely located at 4 Skunk Court.’

She was the adorable old lady who said of Venice, ‘My dear! it isn’t a city, but a love affair,’ and who objected to the symbolism of to-day because it fatigued her to live in a world where, if you so much as take a bath, you find one tap called Immortality and the other Chastity.

201 St. Mount Vernon Avenue,
Prescott, Arizona.

I can now feel for the ‘sailors who lose their hearts in every port,’ as I get quite tired of saying so often that I like this and that place ‘best.’ But really Prescott stands quite alone in its kindness and family feeling, its vivid mountain air, and the still more vivid spirit of its clergy, whose Bishop backs them with such generous admiration of their work.

My hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Peach, gave me a perfect visit, besides taking me down a copper mine, and to a great ball of the Order of the Elks—a giant Friendly Society.

Then I went for another perfect visit to Bishop Atwood and Dean Scarlett, who live together in Phoenix. One of its incidents which I shall always remember was the honour of meeting a beautiful lady of the Old School, widow of Governor Kent, who belonged to the days in the 'forties, when people were singing :

Have you heard the news from Maine ?
How it's gone hell-bent
For Governor Kent
And Tippamazu (i.e. Governor Harrison)
And Taylor too.

Bishop's House, Arizona,
May 6, 1917.

How I wish I were young and could be a missionary in Arizona ! Dean Scarlett, of the cathedral at Phoenix, is the last person I have lost my heart to, and he was describing the work here, where eleven clergy constitute the full Diocesan Convention. He ended up by saying, ' What *rewarding* work it is ! ' He is a clever, alive young fellow, just over thirty, and when I see his joy over his score of workers, and contrast the crowds that hang on the London leaders of his calibre, I think how my mother would have approved of him,—since her favourite worker's motto was a saying of St. Carlo Borromeo's : ' One soul is diocese enough for a Bishop.'

Roosevelt Dam,
May 7, 1917.

He took me off at six this morning for an eighty-mile run through the desert and Superstition Mountain, by the Apache trail, to the Great Dam. The giant cactus seemed wicked and cruel at first, but as I got at home with him and began to stop the car that I might go and pat him, and speak to any other new cactus, they responded to treatment, and became more and more human; till I began to feel, according to their various shapes, as if the great green giants' stems were a Byzantine child's drawing of a guardian angel, or a totem pole on dead Indians' graves, or a sentinel, or a seven-branched candlestick, or a stiff angel climbing a Jacob's ladder of mountains.

Among them was the ocatilla, like a handful of vipers tied (and planted) at the tail. They waved in the air seven or eight feet high, with forked tongues of flame. When they peered up the edge of the canyon, they seemed like tongues of hell-fire coming up—hissing up—from below.

The palo verde tree was a shower of gold, like aspens with golden flowers instead of leaves; the grease bush, with its hot aromatic smell, was everywhere; and the choya, a vicious, white-thorned, poisonous low cactus bush. Also, the stumpy cactus on the flat, like a melon, which holds water; the rich purple one, on the rocks; the flesh-coloured flowers on the prickly pear; and, as a background, Egyptian hills, like Sphinx and Pyramid in hazy rose-coloured mountains.

The desert lasted, with its weird thin forest of

unbaptised plants and trees, till we reached Superstition Mountain : a magnificent, scowling, dolomite mass, which was the gateway to the mountain road that wound up and up for forty miles, among ranges of every shape and colour.

Sometimes there was a sheer drop of a thousand feet, generally when Mexican teams of half a dozen horses wanted to pass us on the narrow road ; or a herd of cattle, driven by men on beautiful slender horses with Arab heads and long tails. They rode up and down the rocky, crumbling hillsides as if they were on level ground. I never saw such riding ! They had Mexican or Indian faces, and wore blue shirts and big buff chaparera trousers, with great stirrups.

We lunched under aspen trees by a little lake (the Dean makes excellent coffee with a wood fire), and we read a sketch of St. Teresa. He said he had never really liked a saint before, so he began well !

We arrived about four, and went off to the Indian Cliff Dwellings (half an hour's ride and as much walking). They were deserted some 600 years ago, and stand to-day wonderfully intact. Their age was reckoned by a tree among the ruins.

Santa Fe Railway,
Wednesday Morning, May 9, 1917.

My eighty-mile drive on Monday, and the return on Tuesday, meant twelve hours of being a fives ball that was continually played with, and played hard. The little Ford two-seater sprang up into the air at

every runlet across the road, and I had to learn, as soon as might be, to 'find my sea-legs.'

I made it a point of honour to talk on peacefully about general matters, though my voice sometimes came from a high altitude. 'When I get back, I shall be able to sit a bucking horse,' said I, to which he answered: 'Most of my friends would have advised you to practise on a buck jumper *before* you came out with me.'

I forget who it was in 'Alice in Wonderland' who found his joints remarkably supple through much arguing, but I think that is my case, for I got out at Gallup to breakfast in the 'Hervey House,' and lingered over post-cards till my train was in motion and the mounting stools all packed away. With one hand full of post-cards and the other of change, I leapt up on the high step and clung on with one finger—and did it! I might reasonably have expected to be stiffer after 160 miles of a 'fives' game—and sixty years of age, and a train bed with a change of carriage at 4 A.M. But I feel just like Kipling's Tramp Royal:

So write before I die 'she' liked it all!

I forgot to tell you that on Saturday night I gave a talk to the G.F.S. girls, and then watched the concluding dance with the lads' class, after which the Dean took me for a drive. The moonlight was so brilliant that the palm trees in the streets, and the sphinx-like mountains round the city, looked like a peaceful Egyptian scene on a stage.

But we found next morning that at the very

moment we started, the sheriff was starting also for Florence Bridge, with a murderer, to try and save him from the mob.

They caught him in three or four hours, and took him across the desert to the place where he had received hospitality, then murdered the man and taken the wife.

Here they hung him to a telephone pole by standing him on a motor, and when we passed the place on Monday, we saw three buzzards circling round in the air. It was surely justifiable homicide, for the death penalty in Arizona was abolished last year.

V. THE SOUTH

‘THE South,’ said a Wellesley professor, ‘is a curiously old English world of aristocracy which furnishes the complement to New England democracy, so that these two together give the full English tradition, and also make the America of the future.’ When you go to see its beginnings at Jamestown, you see a monument to the First Meeting of the First Assembly of free colonial Burgesses, July 30, 1619, elected by the people, two burgesses for each of the plantations. This was the beginning of representative government in the colonies of England, and laid the foundation of the liberty of America.

Other monuments spoke in ‘grateful remembrance of the Adventurers in England and Ancient Planters in Virginia who, through evil report and loss of fortune, through suffering and death, had maintained stout hearts’ and created the Fifth Kingdom.

English history seems very close. On the coast you get names that speak of James I, Charles I, and Henrietta. Farther inland, towns of later date speak of Charles II and James II, Halifax and Albemarle. Farther west, the Hanoverians give you Charlotteville and other places.

It seemed natural to go to Richmond and see

Mr. Balfour received, with a warmth of welcome that baffles description, by a chivalrous and hero-worshipping town.

I should shrink from describing the homes of the Sir-Walter-Scott-land which is still to be found in the South ; the air still perfumed with the memories of old love stories ; the chivalrous deference of the men ; and the women who could rightly receive homage such as I heard paid by one old man : ‘ You remind me of your grandmother, and she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw.’

But, fortunately, these things are described once for all in Owen Wister’s ‘ Lady Baltimore,’ which gives you Charleston with its beautiful old houses, and the people in whom survives the atmosphere of the past ; and the old Church of St. Michael, with its honour roll of heroes saying :

They fought their father’s fight,
They kept their father’s faith, . . .
They fell upon their stainless shields.

One evening I heard a discussion, which began by a Northerner saying,

‘ A Virginian is always a gentleman.’ ‘ What’s that ? ’ said some one else.

‘ Well, I stayed with Robert Lee. He said to me, “ You’ll sleep in the bed George Washington died in ; they think it’s at Mount Vernon, but it isn’t.” (I thought I should wake dripping with veracity.)

‘ In the morning I heard a noise, and peeping out of the four-poster, saw Robert blowing up the fire. “ The man left last night,” said he, “ so I’ve cleaned your shoes, and got your water, and lit your fire, and if there’s anything else I can do let me know.” Now, that was a gentleman.’

‘ Well ! ’ said some one else. ‘ Woodrow Wilson had an old Southerner to stay with him, and cleaned his shoes for him every day for a fortnight.’

‘ A girl did it in Reconstruction Days,’ said another, ‘ for a beau of her early life who had come to stay with them. She lost the diamond out of her ring in doing it, and he found it in his shoe : all ended as it should.’

‘ I heard,’ said another, ‘ that a Virginian had been at a certain house in England ; but I told them that couldn’t be, as I didn’t know his name, for, of course, all Virginians know each other.’

That is quite true, for the F.F.V., the First Families of Virginia, are a very real fellowship, and when I came South I realised what the speaker had meant when I heard it said (by a Northerner), ‘ You shouldn’t ask a gentleman where he comes from, because it might happen it wasn’t Virginia, and then he wouldn’t like to say so.’

But I like better another story some one told me of ‘ Three Drummers ’ (i.e. Commercial Travellers), who met in Paris and compared notes as to the status of their countries. ‘ Mine has a thin red line all round the world,’ said the Englishman. ‘ Mine stretches from the North Pole to the Black Sea,’ said the Russian. ‘ Oh, I’m from the top end of Faquir,’ murmured the Virginian, who felt his county, let alone his country, would be known of all without any further description.

To go through the South was living in King Arthur’s court,

Where all about a gracious people stopt
As in the presence of a gracious king.

All is simple and natural, and one’s ear is perpetually

struck as by passing music with some remark instinct with the chivalry and purity of older standards. I am thinking of a tall, grave Southern gentleman, with beautiful voice and hands, who loves the land in truly English fashion. He had to face all the difficulties of the reconstruction times as to education and money, and he has 'made good.' What excites my admiration is that he felt with King Arthur, daily toil is higher than any quest, so he came back from a wider world to live in a country town (where his people were leaders in old days, and he loves every inch of the soil), to do his utmost for it, in matters religious, civic, and industrial, in spite of weak health and with money he could ill spare. 'I dwell among mine own people,' breathes the spirit of this and many another King Arthur.

Thomas Nelson Page gives you plantation life as no one else will ever do, but I shall spend all the rest of my Southern space in describing a plantation visit, which stands out in my memory almost more than anything else in America.

My visit was to one of the largest of the old Plantation Houses. It had been the Governor's House in the great days of rice-planting in the 'sixties.

When I got to Georgetown in South Carolina I had a fourteen-mile drive along a country road through pinewoods with no undergrowth, so that you saw miles of sunlight falling on the tall stems; here and there was a dead one, shining white, but black with crows sitting on it.

We crossed the Black River by ferry. Joe, the

mulatto bailiff, who was driving, said it was eighty feet deep. It was three or four times as broad as the Thames at Westminster, so one darky pulling at the ferry rope against a very swift current seemed a small crew for getting a motor across. Dawn on that river, when I returned, was a wonderful sight : fish leaping in a golden glow, and a pale, delicate moon, very different from the wicked fiery moon I had seen the night before among the haunted live oaks with their long moss beards.

We turned into a great avenue of live oaks : tall trees with tossing branches, and long grey beards of moss hanging from every twig. The underwood below was Virginia creeper, brambles, and cape myrtles just turning red, but the grey moss dominated everything. It was mysterious and in harmony with that wonderful Serbian sculpture which expressed the sorrow of Prehistoric Ages.

We drove up to the old wooden mansion, with its great open veranda (or piazza) raised on slender columns with a double flight of steps, for it stands on brick arches.

The live oaks stand up all round the house, with just a few feet of breathing space in front, made by a little round garden with a rose hedge and a sweet-scented lemon, like the one at the old Moorish Castle at Cordova.

Just there, red sumach trees tried to drive back the oaks, whose waves almost washed over the great broad steps which led up to the piazza, where the silver-white setter, Prince, and a tabby kitten lay, with outstretched paws, at full length, side by side, in the

blazing sunshine, while a fat and dignified white hen walked over them.

But these were only stage properties to conceal the true inwardness of the place, which comes out at night when you look out over the tops of the trees, and not only feel but see them creep forward the daily cock-stride, the pace at which a Devonshire ghost comes homewards after being 'laid' by a priest and thereby banished to the Red Sea. Kuhleborn, in 'Undine,' was a human companion compared to those old greybeards. My room on the upper story looked out, clear of their tops, as the rooms are so lofty that you are as high as three or four ordinary stories, though only just above the living-rooms. The remorseless grey invading ocean of moss sparkles under the brilliant moon, and at one side you get glimpses of the black river which leads to the duck-shooting swamps.

On All-Hallows' E'en my hostess's nephew, my fellow guest, took me into the wood. The river felt like miles of black silence with the dull faint roar of the ocean surf three miles away, and every now and then an owl hooted close to my ear. Then we went along the avenue, with every tree twisted into some strange contortion.

'You never meet a soul out at night,' said he; 'all the darkies think they would meet "Plat Eye,"—a ghost.

'Clarinda, my aunt's former cook, a clever, strong-minded woman, came home one night from visiting her sick daughter, and said:

' "I bin a walking long, and sing a speritual, w'en I see in de path right befo' me a big bull de stan' on 'e hind leg, en I kno' rite off 'e bin Plat Eye, en I order un loud 'Go way,' den 'e tu'n 'eself into a man, but de man didn't hab no head.

I could see kase de moon bin a shine bright es day. Den I t'row down me father hart an I tek up me mudder hart (fu' you kno' woman hart is stronger dan man hart w'en you cum to sperit) ; den I shake me fist at um an say, ' Begon ; Jesus is me Captain ' ; an 'e gone an I cum home safely.' '

The young man went on to say : ' There is many a white man who would not stay alone in this house as my aunt does. She can do it because of her great faith,—she is so confident that God arranges everything for her. Old Cherry, the black cook, and Suzette, the dusky little maid, sleep in their quarters on the ground floor at the back of the mansion, while Joe has a cottage across the yard, and old Bonaparte, who is eighty, and whose father and grandfather belonged to my aunt's father and grandfather, lives half a mile away in a house in the negro village.'

Nebuchadnezzar, the little boy who splits the kindling, is always most anxious to go home early in the afternoon, lest dark should come on before he gets out of the avenue and show him ' Plat Eye.' I entirely feel with Nebuchadnezzar.

There was nothing haunted about the warm, comfortable living-rooms with Empire furniture and family pictures, but the minute you got into the corridor with the great bare stairs, you felt once more under the power of Kuhleborn.

When I went up to dress and groped my way into my enormous bedroom, with its lovely furniture, an eight-foot bed starting out of the corner, the coal-black Suzette heaping up a great wood fire apparently by the light of her white teeth, and three great windows gazing out at the invading oaks, I felt only one degree less ghostly than if I were in the haunted house of the neighbourhood, where a tragedy had once occurred.

When I used to come down to dinner, lighting my-

self by one candle, I felt as if, like Hawthorne's old negro servant in the Banqueting Hall of the Province House, I had to push my way through a crowd of the Unseen. I did not hurry, because, in a modern, artificial way, I enjoyed tasting it; but yet, I wanted to hurry!

My hostess has a very real faith to be able to stand it! It used to come into her talk so naturally. She was saying how, once, she had returned about 11.30 P.M. from the railroad to find the ferry broken.

'Joe, you must get in that little boat and cross the river, and see if you cannot get the ferry-man to bring the flat over with oars, if the wire is broken; you can help him row.' Joe answered, 'But, ma'am, I can't leave you here alone, there ain't a human being in miles on this side the river'; but I insisted, and he went, and I thought I would occupy my time saying my prayers, for they are so long, and I knew I would be too tired to say them when I got home. It took a long time before I heard the knocking of oars and the flat (i.e. boat) crept up in the dense darkness, but I had only got to a fervent supplication for Kerensky.'

That was a fair instance of Southern courage, but I think my most characteristic sight of her was when she and Suzette were busy on the piazza, tying up little bags with specimens of beans, corn, and peanuts. Her father, Governor Allston, had been the great rice planter and agriculturist of that region, and had won the silver and gold medals for the best rice exhibited by the world at the Paris Exposition of 1856. The medal bears his name, R. F. W. Allston, and Chicora Wood, the name of this plantation. Explaining her occupation to me, she said, 'Georgetown County is

having its first exhibition, to show what it can do in agriculture, so I must carry on my father's work and send my products.'

I sat and watched the little old lady with nothing left but her will and spirit, and the little black girl with the bean-bag on the same piazza, where sixty years before the handsome masterful man I had seen in the dining-room portrait had worked with numbers of capable adherents and with wealth and power, but with no larger or more patriotic spirit.

I felt as if I were watching the death-bed of the civilisation of the Old South, and yet there is no death where that spirit is alive.

Yes, my hostess stands certainly for indomitable will. When she first took me to my room, she showed me how to put the heavy window sashes up, with a wooden bolt to keep them in place.

You see, when the Yankees came and told the darkies that they were free, they also told them that everything belonged to them, and they believed it ; so they took everything that was in the house, and tore out the marble mantelpieces, and the frescoed panels, and the window sashes and shutters and the doors, and among other things they tore out all the weights by which the sashes went up and down. Poor things, it was very natural ; one cannot blame them when they were told these things by a man in uniform.

When I asked her about some of the customs of the past, she said in many ways there were great changes.

When I was young all widows wore mourning all their lives, close bonnets with long black crape veils, and in the house they wore widows' caps. I wore a plain white cap for many years, but one day as we sat at the table, mama and my elder

sister and myself in our widows' caps, mama said, 'I cannot stand this! Three be capped women! I will take off my cap'; but I laughed, and said as I was the youngest of the three, I would take off my cap, and I did.—Great respect was shown to death in those days. I have known girls whose debut was postponed year after year by a death in the huge family connection, till it seemed as though the fates were against their ever coming out.

She told me of a cousin of hers, a young man who she thought had done such an heroic thing that she liked to tell it.

He had graduated with distinction at the medical college, and was working in the hospital in Charleston at the time of the earthquake. It was difficult to get all the patients out in the darkness of the night. Only one tottering tower was left, when some one cried out, 'The negro leper in the tower.' Without hesitation he rushed forward, climbed the crumbling steps and brought down the old negro leper in his arms just as the walls fell.

Another cousin I am proud of has supported her whole family, and finished the education of her sisters and brothers, by keeping a little shop. They were very wealthy people before the Civil War. They spent their winters in the country and their summers in their large and beautiful house on the water, in Charleston. In their move back and forth from country to city, they took a retinue of fifty. Once when my mother remonstrated with my cousin over the number, she replied, 'Why, my dear aunt, we could not separate the cook and the laundress and the coachman and the butler from their families for six months at a time, so we have to take them all along.'

At the end of the war they had nothing left; they were in the country, and they never returned to their city home. They were eighteen miles from a town and no one had a horse left. So my cousin bought a small stock of writing-paper and pins and needles, and tea, sugar and coffee, and, to her father's great indignation, opened a little shop in one of the shed-rooms at the back of the house, and she kept it till over four score. That little shop has done wonders, and she

supports the four sisters and one invalid brother ; and the sisters are charming, refined women, always cheerful, keeping up with the world, for one reads aloud in the evenings while the others sew.

Many of the ladies took in dressmaking from the negroes, often making a whole dress for a dollar. But they were all plucky and cheerful over it, and one heard no repining. My cousin, Miss Anne Allston Tucker, who had been a woman of wealth before the war, opened a school for negro children as soon as the war was over. Her charge was one dollar a month, or fifty cents each if there were two from one family. When some one remonstrated, she said : ‘ As a girl on my father’s plantation, I spent my life teaching them for nothing ! Why should I not support myself by it now ? ’ She taught so well that, though the free public school was at hand, cousin Anne had seventy-five pupils. She taught for years, and Bonaparte said to me the other day, ‘ We cullerd race owes much to Miss Anne, not one of her boys evah turn out thief, none evah gon’ to Penitention.’ One Friday, when school was over, she took to bed, and went very quietly to her reward the following Sunday. She was seventy. There is no telling the great influence for good of this one small woman on the recently freed, intoxicated negroes. Joe once spoke to me of it. He said : ‘ All the good that is in me, I owe to Miss Anne Tucker ; that little old lady changed my life.’

After the war my mother decided to open a school in our beautiful Charleston house. She advertised that the widow of Governor Allston would receive a few young girls, and fourteen came, the limit fixed. I was never so happy in my life, for every faculty was taxed to the utmost. I practised before breakfast, taught in school from nine to two, gave music lessons, and looked over the subjects at night that I was to teach next day, so as to keep ahead, and after a bit went into society and enjoyed myself immensely.

We had a large day-school besides those in the house, and I had all to myself a class of twelve girls from eleven to fourteen, to whom I taught everything. They were very bright and perfectly devoted to me, and they learned like wildfire.

When the school had been well started, an old friend brought her daughters, two beautiful girls, to take only

French and music and go into society ; and mama said to me : ' You will have to take them out, for I am too tired after the day's work to go out.' I answered ' Yes ' very meekly, but I felt like dancing for joy, for otherwise I never could have gone into society. It was not always easy. They were great belles and beauties, and accustomed to their own way ; and I was a plain little thing, but they were charming girls, and I kept the whip-hand by being very quiet and dignified. These two girls had beautiful clothes, but the rest of us just made out as best we could. I remember the first party I went to. I wore a black merino skirt and a white baby waist, low neck, trimmed with Valenciennes lace ; but the waist was made out of the pink paper cambric lining to our best bedroom curtains, bleached by the sun and rain until it was white. All my mother's and sister's fine clothes had been packed in trunks and sent up the Pee Dee River in a flat boat to escape the Yankees. The boat sank, and the trunks remained a long time in the water. When they were fished out finally, nearly everything was ruined ; but there was one very handsome black silk skirt with one satin and one watered stripe, that came out with apparently no injury. The skirt was washed, and being very voluminous, as the fashion then was, I made a complete party frock of it, with a most beautifully gored train, and was the admiration of my friends.

These reminiscences, which my hostess kindly revised and allowed me to print, will give you a good idea of the spirit of the place, but what stays in my mind most is the way the two maids and everyone would bring every scratched finger for her to tie up and comfort, and the childlike, evangelical faith which was in everything she said and did. To hear her say Grace every day was a wonderful lesson as to what a child's happy gratefulness could be, especially when you knew how she had to coax and scold the servants to get anything done, or the women in the field to get them to hoe

the crops, so that nothing was ever off her mind ; yet she never got angry with them. 'What can you expect ? they are only children.' I shall always feel as if she represented the old South, with her courage and charm and gaiety, her childlike love of God, and her forgiveness of injuries.

The South faced facts, as in Lee's letter about the Surrender ; it faced them indomitably, and set to work to beat a living out of nothing. Her men, born in the 'forties and 'fifties, and taught by the war, were fine ; and the women still more wonderful.

I felt the pathos of the South before I went there, but now I feel no pity. I take off my hat to it, with congratulations and reverence for its invincible Spirit :

Nothing is here for tears—nothing for wailing
But what may quiet us in a—fight—so noble.

But I must not end on the word 'fight.' The true spirit of the South was expressed by one of the many beautiful old ladies in widows' black, with white cuffs and cap, her head beautifully set on her shoulders, her delicate hands and the musical voice which told me 'it hurts to look down the street and see all the Northern flags, for they never brought me anything but sorrow, yet I would not for the world have my boy do anything but fight for that flag. We are all one nation.'

Here's to the grey of the wind-swept North
As it floats o'er the Fields of France ;
May the spirit of Grant be over them all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

Here's to the blue of the sunny South
As it floats o'er the Fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be over them all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

Here's to the grey and the blue as one
As it floats o'er the Fields of France;
May the Spirit of God be over them all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

VI. HISTORY

THE difficulty in taking keen interest in modern history is the wealth of information ready to hand. You cannot see the wood for the trees, and most people get bored by details, unless in early life they grasped some chief points of its romance, which will put life into future study of details.

Early History

Let those who are still young as regards American history begin by realising some chief shrines for pilgrimage. They must begin by the Prayer-book Cross in San Francisco, commemorating the first Christian service in America under Sir Francis Drake on St. John Baptist's day, 1579, held by Francis Fletcher, priest of the Church of England, chaplain to Sir Francis.

He recorded that ' Our General with his Company, in the presence of the Indians, fell to prayers, in the time of which prayers, singing of psalms, and reading of certain chapters of the Bible they sate very attentive.'

Secondly, by Jamestown, in Virginia, where Sir Walter Raleigh's three ships, *The Good Speed*, the

Sarah Constant, and *The Discovery* landed in 1607, and the chaplain held the first service on that land of which Raleigh had written in 1602, 'I shall yet live to see it an English nation.'

Thirdly, the consecutively-minded historic pilgrim will go to Plymouth Rock, in the little grey New England town, 'on its stern and rock-bound shore.' He must first stand on the rock, and then sit in the old graveyard on the hill above, where he will see no Southern vision of Sir Walter Raleigh's 'English Nation,' but a dream-pageant of the great America of the future, whose birthplace lies below him.

The fire of Pentecost was kindled on those three spots, and they stand for each of the three great divisions which together make the America of the past and present. Where and by what great impetus of the spirit will be kindled the fire of the future America? Will it be Texas, Missouri, or Indiana?

It hurts me to hurry on past such landings as that of Newburyport in 1630, with its monument of that beautiful bronze ship, and such names on the granite below as John Adams and Tristram Coffin, linking the Boston name of Adams with the Devonshire rhyme:

Coffin, Carey, and Copleston,
When the Conqueror came, were all at home:

or stories of Regicide Goffe driving off the Indians in the 'miery' forests of Rhode Island; or Hawthorne's 'Tale of the Province House,' picturing pre-revolution society in Boston.

But if we are to keep to mountain peaks we must push on and get a living acquaintance with

Washington and Hamilton. Few men are enshrined in such enthrallingly fiery books as is Hamilton in Oliver's Life of him, and in Mrs. Atherton's *Conqueror*.

Yes, Hamilton overshadows, or rather outblazes, even Washington ; but the balance is redressed when you go to Mount Vernon, and go (spiritually on your knees) through Washington's stately country house, with its gardens sloping down to the river. No boat has ever passed that house without lowering its flag and waiting for a bell to toll.

In a country so impatient of forms, and of superiors, for this custom to have lasted ever since their hero died, with nothing but public feeling to enforce it, is a monument more wonderful than any glory of architecture or sculpture.

Go also to Charlottesville, in Virginia, and drive up the hill to Montecello, Jefferson's stately old colonial house, with its columned front, a great wing on each side, and a splendid dome above, overlooking all the country around. The flat hill-top is a beautiful old garden, and the woods and hills of the estate spread far and wide. On one side of the house is the corridor leading to the slave quarters, where all cooking was done, and the dinner carried by such swift runners that it arrived hot in the distant dining-room.

Then drive to '*The University*,' as Virginians call it, stand before Jefferson's statue in the garden, reverence its beauty, and read its dedication to

The greatest advocate of Human Liberty, opposer of all special privileges. The father of Virginia University, 1717-1826.

In spite of his claim, it would be a very 'special privilege' to belong to a university so beautiful, and so faithful to its old standards of chivalry and comradeship, which must so rejoice Sir Walter Raleigh's heart.

The Romance of the Plains

Read Rudyard Kipling's poem about the explorer in Australia to help you to understand the early days of the great trek by wagon across the continent, spreading the boundaries of the hitherto self-contained kingdom of the thirteen States. Read the *Girl of the Half Way House* and the *Prophet of the great Smoky Mountain*. Then read the life of *John Murray Forbes*, the knight-errant of the early railroads in the 'sixties, and follow on with the strife and chicanery drawn in Winston Churchill's railway novels, *Coniston* and *Mr. Crewe's Career*.

Remember, as you read, that right and wrong were seldom clear-cut in those days, and that many of its business men, with soiled hands, had seen a vision of the needs of the country, crying out for Transport to enable it to fulfil a heavenly destiny. They crushed competitors and used very earthly weapons in that warfare; but they were akin to Elizabethan heroes, not to pickpockets.

The parable about Cecil Rhodes's death, which I saw in a Cape newspaper, gives the spirit of many an American man of big business, who is now judged harshly on to-day's standard by small men, who live small and spotless lives; who never realise that to

see a man truly as well as merely truthfully, their eyes must be focussed to the climate and the generation in which he lived.

‘Cecil Rhodes died. Of course the little devils came for him ; St. Peter sighed, but could say nothing against it. In half an hour back came the little devils, lugging the great soul along with them.

‘“ Hi ! St. Peter, you’ll have to open those great gates of yours after all ! ” We took him down to our place, but though we opened all the doors and windows, we couldn’t get him in, *he’s so big.*’

While in this mood of feeling, read *The Honourable Peter Stirling* (supposed to be a portrait of President Cleveland, by Paul Leycester Ford), who took his world as he found it, and left it better ; who, instead of crusading against Graft and Tammany Hall, harnessed their forces to the cause of righteousness by his wide human sympathies.

The Civil War, 1863–1865

In this war the North saw that the Country required Unity if it was to accomplish its great destiny of helping the liberty of the world.

The South fought chivalrously and fiercely for the individual liberty of the State : both were fighting on principle.

Slavery was a move upwards in the world’s moral consciousness which was on its road already, in the natural course of events, and if fair compensation had been offered to the slaveholders (who did no wrong in inheriting out-of-date property), and if

the question had been thrashed out by such men as Lincoln and Lee (each of them great enough as saint and hero to immortalise a century of any country's records), then one of the bitterest regrets in all history would have been spared—the reconstruction, Ku Klux Klan days after the war.

General Lee has been written of by Philip Bruce and Gamaliel Bradford; Ellen Glasgow gives the spirit of the South in *The Battlefield*; while Lincoln, above all men in modern history, has reaped *A Perfect Tribute* in the story of that name by Mary Shipman Andrews, and in Drinkwater's play called *Abraham Lincoln*.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was the most wonderful piece of propaganda ever written. No wonder that, to the generosity and religious fire of the North, Slavery eclipsed every other issue, forgetting that slavery had been as natural a part of life in Massachusetts as in the South, though there was no cotton industry in the North to keep it alive.

The power of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* lay in its taking all the spots in a whole jungle, pasting them on to one leopard, and sending it out as a specimen of the jungle's whole fauna!

Correct the balance by reading that fascinating account of Southern whites and negroes, *The Diary of a Woman Rice Planter* (Macmillan). Also read *Idle Comments*, by I. E. Avery (editor of the *Charlotte Observer*, a North Carolina paper). The book consists of clippings from his newspaper articles, and contains a wonderful essence of Southern atmosphere.

Add *Tales on a Balcony* about New Orleans,

by Grace King; the picture of Charleston, in *Lady Baltimore*, by Owen Wister, and his *Virginian*.

If you need anything else to make you include the South in your American pilgrimage, read *Uncle Remus* and every word written by Thomas Nelson Page, author of *Tales of Old Virginia*.

New England

There is no need to tell the history of the *Mayflower*, and of the New England grit and weight which have been the predominating force so far all through the country. I would rather tell you of books which will help you to see the country in which they fought out their winning battle with nature and Indians.

It is hard now to realise the great stretches of unbroken forest in days when the great grandfather of the charming country house where I stayed in Maine received his grant of acres from the Crown, and climbed the tallest tree to give directions from that point of vantage as to where a cutting for the house was to be made in the great ocean of tree tops below him.

Read *A Northern Country* to realise that neighbourhood, written by Rosamund Richards—the fortunate daughter of *Golden Windows*, holding purest gold of fables for all ages; and the fortunate granddaughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of liberation fame in Boston; and still more notable for her gift of perpetual youth, which made her feel it so unreasonable to have to die, when she only felt just ready for

College. She was over ninety when her family ordered her to rest, and had to go to see what caused her unexpected laughter. 'I'm almost ashamed to tell you! I was trying to put "The House that Jack Built" into Greek, and I made such absurd mistakes that I could not help laughing.'

Coming south to Massachusetts, you should read the *Minister's Wooing* and *Oldbury*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, to give you the country towns of a hundred years ago; and the *Gayworthies* and *Hitherto*, by Mrs. Whitney of fifty years later. Sarah Orne Jewett in *The Country of the Pointed Firs* and *Deephaven* gives you country and seaboard life of forty years ago; and so does Alice Brown in *The King's Highway*. (Read all her short stories that you can find.)

Hillsborough People (of Vermont), by Dorothy Canfield, of about twenty years ago, is beautiful work in atmosphere. Read everything you can of hers.

Judge Robert Grant writes novels, such as *The Chippendales*, about Boston of twenty years ago.

In poetry, read J. R. Lowell's treasury of wit and beauty in the *Biglow Papers*, of which the first half was evoked by Mexican difficulties in 1844, and the last (and immortal) half by the Civil War in 1864. Go back a hundred years and read Whittier the Quaker poet, whose house at Haverell, near Newburyport, makes *Snowbound* seem more real; and whose drive with Lucy Larcom, the beautiful Quakeress, makes the poet himself very human. He was a bad whip, and his companion kept him so closely engaged on spiritual things, that at last the agitated poet

turned on her, with less than Quaker calm, to say, 'Lucy, if thee talks so much about the next world, thee'll be in it before thee wants to.'

California

Till the gold discoveries of 1849, California was a world of Spanish romance, described by Mrs. Atherton in her *Splendid Idle Forties* and in *Rezanov*. It centred round the old city of Monterey and travelled along El Camino Real, the King's Road, which stretched from north to south along the Pacific with magnificent mission houses at close intervals, only comparable to such abbeys of royal hospitality as Pomposa on the Adriatic, where great people travelling from Byzantium to Rome were entertained among Giotto's frescoes.

When gold drew all nations through the Golden Gate of the Bay of San Francisco, the Argonauts and the Forty-Niners came across by Panama and founded San Francisco, as is described in *Gold*, a novel by Edward Stewart White.

Ten years later, Bret Harte was describing life in the mining camps; ten years later still, John Muir was travelling in the High Sierras, and enshrining them in his wonderful books. A charming little volume of travel sketches in the Yosemite and elsewhere was written by Helen Jackson. Her great novel *Ramona*, with its Indian hero, will make Southern California more alive to you, and you will not wonder that she chose her grave on the great Lone Mountain.

In the 'nineties came the Yukon gold rush, with Jack London, as in his *Valley of the Moon*, for one of its best chroniclers.

In 1906 came the great earthquake and fire of San Francisco, described by Mrs. Atherton in *Ancestors* (a book which should also be read for its general information on American doings and ideas).

I cannot give you a truer idea of San Francisco than by a quotation from a speech by Mr. W. Bourne, of Filoli, made at a dinner to President Taft :

The faith of San Franciscans in their city is their religion ; it pervades the air they breathe. To them it is the City of Promise. All realise that London, Paris, Venice, are unlike ; but to many, American cities seem to differ only in the degree of intensity with which the same pursuits are followed. . . .

San Francisco is without a childhood : in 1849 a trading post ; in 1850 a world centre. Here rushed America's youth to combat with adventurers from the great outside world.

The Argonauts were joined by the Pioneers and master builders of our state and city. The magnet was gold, and all that gold could attract entered the Golden Gate. When gold production declined, she stood aside in a world of her own—isolated—independent ; rich—prodigal—full of the joy of living.

The spirit of the Bohemian Club, in its tribute to Pan among the Redwoods, to Bacchus, to Apollo and the Muses, was near her heart. In her atmosphere Bret Harte felt the material ; Robert Louis Stevenson felt the spiritual ; to many it was ethereal. All felt its charm, and to many it was an inspiration. Here Sienkiewitz found his Zagloba, and Clarence King his Don Horatio.

When her great tragedy came on April 18, 1906, it found San Francisco unafraid. Her courage was that of a people who lived two thousand years ago in another sunlit land of olive, vine, and laurel, of mountains and blue seas. Would not the genial Athenian have been proud of this new garden of philosophy by the Golden Gates of the Western World ?

On that memorable 18th of April an invisible multitude of spirits spoke, and the soul of the city was roused from its lethargy, and sons of Argonauts, sons of Pioneers, all who loved their city, built a monument to the indomitable spirit of San Francisco, and inscribed on their Town Hall :

‘ O glorious City of our Heart
That hast been tried and not found wanting,
Go thou with like spirit to make the future thine.’

Modern History

Before you turn to the history of to-day, I should like you to read *The Conflict of Idolatries*, a speech by Mr. Barrett Wendell at Harvard’s Phi Beta Kapa Day ; in which he used ancient history to throw light on the present and the future.

He once told me that if I wanted a representative book about America, I must read *The Diary of a Nation*, in which Mr. E. S. Martin, editor of *Life* (corresponding to our *Punch*), has preserved his weekly editorials during America’s neutrality. It gives you the contemporary feeling of the country, and yet is so insighted that you have to keep reminding yourself that it was not ‘ written up ’ after the event, but was a weekly comment on most perplexing happenings.

If you want to know more about the President, get *The Great Issue*, by John Moors, and *The Peace President*, by Archer.

But if you want to make up your own mind about him, read his own speeches, *Selected Addresses of Woodrow Wilson*, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart (Boni & Liveright, N.Y), price 70 cents, and *Inter-*

national Ideals, speeches during the President's European visit, December 14, 1918, to February 14, 1919 (Harper, N.Y.), price one dollar.

For help about the past to allay feuds of the present, get *British and American Concords and Discords* (Putnam, N.Y.), a short account of all points of friction between England and America, such as Venezuela, &c., written by a committee of entirely American scholars.

Books about Future History

Buy, read and lend *New Ideals in Business*, by I. Tarbell (Macmillan), which gives you hopeful facts about lions and lambs (one meaning capital, the other labour, though I am not sure which is which).

Also *Right and Wrong after the War*, by Dean Iddings Bell, which gives fearless, Christian, constructive criticism of the present order; from the point of view that the old truths are all we need, but that the Church fails in modern application of them.

Read *The Christian Life in the Modern World*, by G. F. Peabody (Macmillan); *Social Service and the Art of Healing*, by Dr. Richard Cabot, one of Christ's apostles in Boston; and *Christian Science and Social Problems*, by that wise Father in God, Bishop C. Williams, of Michigan.

Read *Up from Slavery*, the account of Booker Washington's work for the negroes; and *Twenty Years at Hull House*, which gives you the Settlement work

in Chicago, that is Miss Jane Addams' title of honour.

I name four more which I ought to have read and did not: *Twentieth Century Socialism*, by Kelly (a short and fair account of it); *Christianity and the Social Principle*, by W. Rauschenbusch; *Socialism and Religion*, by Vida Scudder; and, above all, *America and Democracy*, by John Spargo, who left the Socialist ranks two years ago to found an avowedly Christian socialism.

VII. BOOKS

Books that Bite

AMERICANS are better read in English books than we ourselves, yet these well-read people will ask questions about our point of view—‘our reaction,’ they would call it—on small matters of daily life, which would seem to us to go without saying. Most of them know the England of Dickens, Miss Yonge, and Anthony Trollope; and those who realise that these writers describe a past generation, mostly imagine that their gap is filled by H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett!

This opens possibilities of books being misleading. However, Germans are efficient, and they believe in book propaganda.

An Irish patriot found on her German liner to New York three copies of a history of Ireland written in England, which she considered unjustly biased against England. She found, on inquiry, that the Germans had bought up a whole edition, and stocked all their American liners with this useful propaganda for passengers, which had no appearance of being made in Germany.

Certainly ship libraries could do splendid work as class-rooms in that school of Anglo-American

knowledge so deliciously described in Mr. Crothers' *Gentle Reader*.

It would be a good work for the Anglo-American Society to see to the stocking of ship bookcases, not merely to promote friendliness, but to give some idea of the atmosphere and interest of the various parts of America.

I went to America to see and hear, not to read or to buy books. I can therefore only mention from memory the modern few that casually came in my way and bit into my memory.

I shall not name books of definitely European circulation any more than I describe New York. I was in search of local colour, not cosmopolitanism. Nor do I give books that every conscientious student would have read, or have recommended. But I will give books that bite. After all, every such list contributes to the ideal book list which should be made up of the golden books, the live wires, of each contributor's personal discoveries and pet prejudices.

If you want connected advice and wise criticism, read the *History of American Literature*, by Mr. Barrett Wendell, the Harvard Professor, who knows England as he knows America, and France as well as either, to judge by his *France of To-day*, which detected in France, before the war, the deeper powers that the war has shown to the rest of us.

Books with Personality

I begin with these, as most people are more grateful for the sense of colour given by personality than for any other gift by which their friends enrich life.

The Education of Henry Adams heads the list. A critic said it might be taken either as the story of how Henry Adams fruitlessly sought for education, or how education vainly pursued Henry Adams!

The book stands for Boston, from the 'sixties onwards. It was made of red-hot lava, and is cooled into a Valley of Rocks. It is so relentlessly strong and ruggedly stern, that half an hour's reading makes you feel stiff and sore, as if you had been rolled up and down in such a valley. Buy and read both this and his unique book on Chartres; they stand alone.

Another prophet is Ralph Adams Cram, the great architect. 'Here comes the man who knows more of beauty than any other man in America,' I heard a good authority murmur to a neighbour when he walked up the room to give a lecture on 'Trade Guilds in the Middle Ages.' There lay his Utopia. He would have us all live in the thirteenth century, and be fixed in walled cities, though I imagine he himself would demand a roving commission.

Read his book on Treves, called *The Heart of Europe*, which stands beside Henry Adams' *Chartres*, and for modern use take his *Nemesis of Mediocrity*.

For genius in portraiture read John Jay Chapman's preface to *The Letters of Victor Chapman*, his son, who was killed in flying. I cannot recall any other picture of a woman worthy, in point of vividness, to stand beside this sketch of the boy's mother.

These are all pilgrims of the Unseen, but two personalities of the Seen should also be read. *The*

Promised Land, by Mary Antin, gives a curiously vivid picture of self-centred cleverness in a Jewish emigrant from Russia.

Jacob Riis, a Dane, is a fascinating personality, with his Scandinavian honesty and large-hearted patriotism. He wrote *How the other Half Lives*, about New York slums and a life of himself, called *The Making of an American*, in which he gives, incidentally, a charming picture of Denmark.

In somewhat arbitrary fashion I shall include John Muir, who gives such personality to nature when he describes Californian forests, with their redwoods and glaciers, that you feel he keeps in step with the great pilgrims of the Unseen.

There is almost as much vivid description in Mr. Beebe's tropical naturalist work as in *Jungle Peace*, but I should put him with Jacob Riis, as belonging to the material world.

Essays

These come next in personal vividness, and you should read all you can of Margaret Prescott Montague, that 'Child of the Heather and the Wind,' who lives in Heaven and Virginia—filled with a soldier's spirit. In the September, 1919, number of the *Atlantic Monthly* she has a story called 'England to America,' which should be sown broadcast in England to show us what chivalrously appreciative friends belong to us 'over there.' *Home to him's Muvver* is another of her stories, which touches all who know what loneliness is; and I hope all will

read the *Twenty Minutes of Reality*, spoken of in the chapter of religious books.

A like charm and gallantry, with a more Elizabethan touch, is found in *Patrins* and other Essays of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney; while Miss Agnes Repplier reminds you of a polished rapier, as she turns ancient wisdom on to dealing with the modern world.

Mr. Crothers, with his *Pilgrims' Wallet* and other books, is too original to be called a descendant of Charles Lamb, but he is certainly a collateral, and has a fine ear for noble and happy quotations.

All these writers you will find in that blue ribbon of magazines, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and also Mark de Wolfe Howe, who knows England as he does America, and helped to keep America true to idealism during the war.

If you want the finest writing of to-day, take in the *Atlantic Monthly*; it will, among other things, show America's wonderful power in the short story.

Among such stories are *Things*, which is a searching flashlight on the bondage in which middle-aged housewives are apt to live; another is *The Captured Dream*, by Octave Thanet, with all her fineness of touch and direct appeal to the heart.

Also read *American Traits*, by Hugo Munsterberg, which gives insightful remarks about women's education; also read *To Girls*—very experienced and charming essays by Miss Heloise Hersay.

To refresh yourself after all this read *The Second Mrs. Jim*, a description of the Woman of the Ages, and, as giving valuable light on girls of to-day, read Mrs. Deland's *Rising Tide* and *Angela's Business*.

The last will need little recommendation to anyone who knows *Queed*, also by Sidnor Harrison, one of the few novels where character grows before your eyes, instead of merely acting according to type.

I have no right to speak here of such old classics as Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, or *Mosses from an Old Manse*, or *Tales of the Province House*. Most people know his magic power of atmosphere in taking you to the Borderland between the Seen and the Unseen, but my reason for speaking of him here is that I think he is still more unique in his sense of the real age of America.

I dwell on this before starting on the subject of History, because so many Americans have said to me, 'This or that is too *new* to interest one coming from the Old World.' They little realised how their 'this or that' had for me a spell of Eternity which was lacking in many a European town which had passed through many years and lived in few.

It is very curious to see how often the Arithmetical Age of the Old World seems to dwarf an American's sense of the 'Passion of the Past' and traditional interest which exist in his own country.

In Victorian days, America counted with both us and him, as beginning in the last century, and being all crude and young. But this youngness is practically outgrown. A new century has come: '76 and the Civil War no longer fill the canvas, and both nations have time to realise that California, Virginia, and Massachusetts had romantic History going on in the century before '76, i.e. three centuries ago.

But our English sense of historical interest is not generally more than three centuries old. In Victorian days, when one stayed in an Elizabethan manor house, three centuries were all one needed to feel an historic background ; for such places as the Tower are out of our daily reckoning of an ' Old House.'

Besides, these three centuries which make American History are full of spiritual fervour and great ideals. Hence, in reckoning their value of Time as creating tradition and that sense of the ' Passion of the Past,' they far outvalue the forgotten existence of many earlier centuries, whose daily life requires recreating for us by such Magicians as *Puck of Pook's Hill* or Newbolt in his *Old Country*.

Hawthorne stands alone in his sense of the historical magic of his own country, and finds no need to go for it to the Old World, when it is imprinted on so much of America, East, South and West.

VIII. AMERICA AND ENGLAND

Barriers to Brotherhood

EVERY nation to-day has caught sight of a New Earth with a League of Nations. What most hinders its realisation? The ignorance which leaves each open to the influence of propaganda that draws a bogey picture of the other nation.

An old man called up his grandson, just starting for a tour round the world, to give him a parting counsel: 'My boy, remember wherever you go, that folks is just folks.'

I read an eloquent letter yesterday from a clever and travelled teacher on the bottomless ignorance of every country she went to, of even elementary history and geography of other nations; and I realised from my own experience of England and America, how her heart must burn in coming on the more dangerous ignorance of the real human nature of the other nation.

Mr. Barrett Wendell gave as typical of England his experience of going down Bishopsgate behind a big workman. A navvy, meeting the latter, gave him a black eye out of a blue sky. The fight began, and the inevitable crowd (with a burly, good-natured policeman) gathered round.

‘Now, now, what’s up?’ said the policeman. ‘I don’t know,’ said the victim (who had given him as black an eye as he got). ‘I never see’d him afore!’

‘Well,’ said the aggressor, twisting himself to be able to get a look out of the least damaged part of his eye, ‘and now I sees yer, yer ain’t the man I took yer for.’

‘There now!’ said the Bobby, ‘nobody meant any ’arm, and now we’re all ’appy, so be off with yer!’

Whereupon the crowd and the combatants peaceably dispersed.

But this is surely an international parable, not English—except for its good-tempered ending.

How can we all best learn to know our neighbours’ face before we hit it?

In this matter, could not Films, if leagued with a Director of Education, help the League of Nations, by arranging for sets of historical scenes, by which each century of each country should be so illustrated as to show how that nation *in that century* was struggling with defects, correcting errors, pushing toward the light, and feeling generally about life much as we ourselves were doing *at that time*?

I italicise the need of the Films being contemporaneous with the period of native history that the child is learning, because the great defect in historical teaching is that we give Facts, but not an historically-minded appreciation of their significance *at that time*. I watched American children learning about Cromwell at Drogheda, and I saw that, to them, he stood for the English of to-day (such as Mr. George

Wyndham and Mr. Balfour !). The matter is hardly mended by the fact that with us very few would know at all who stood for French or German ideas at that time.

Another barrier to National Brotherhood is that we have, as a rule, so little sense of comparative size. It was well said that the great need of the Colonial Office is maps drawn to a large scale. Some atlases have an inset picture in each country of England drawn to the same scale. They are wholesome reading, and it is cheaper to learn comparative size in school than in travelling.

I suppose each nation fancies itself historically in the centre of the picture ; certainly the English do, and it is cruel to expose an innocent child to the shock I received when I read a foreign history of Europe which, in dealing with Waterloo, made no mention of the British.

Anglo-Saxon Mutual Ignorance

‘ The map of each man’s mind has large tracts of barren ignorance, larger than either he or his friends would imagine.’—*Lord Alwyne Compton, Bishop of Ely.*

Tracts of ignorance certainly strike one in the English and American mind as regards each other. Both take it equably when this ignorance is found in a Frenchman ; but in each other it seems a sudden and unreasonable gulf, opening at one’s feet ; or rather as the jar when you miscalculate a staircase and lift your foot for a step which is not there.

I suspect more travel is the only real remedy, but

even then you have to remember that 'Nothing is so deceptive as facts, except figures.' Remember that the facts about a country tell for very little; it is the atmosphere which really teaches, and you cannot get this except by living there.

Stay! I must revise that remark, for I met some one who said, 'Oh yes! I know San Francisco quite well, for I was there five years. But I disliked it so much, even before I came, that I never unpacked my boxes, hoping each day to leave.'

I doubt if she *did* know San Francisco, or would have known it after fifty years. So I will be more precise, and say you only get into the atmosphere of a country if you live there and love there.

Also, up to the last, you must daily say for yourself Cromwell's prayer for his Parliament: 'I beseech you, my beloved brethren, I beseech you in the mercies of Christ, to believe that you may be mistaken.' We should be as ready to take a hint from every native-born about apparently obvious matters, as any Anglo-Saxon would be when a Frenchman gave a hint as to a French idiom.

It is difficult to disabuse an American of a mistaken idea about England, because he feels that, since he knows the language, he can judge of a statement as well as you can. If you were French, he would listen to you about your own country; but as it is, it never occurs to him that you know better the atmosphere by which to modify the values of the statement in question.

We cannot possibly realise how absolutely unknown our daily atmosphere is outside our own

island, except to the cosmopolitan few, and I wonder how many people in England realise America's true atmosphere.

They certainly do not know what it is at this present time, for, unrealised by them, America is an instance of 'the Birth of a Nation.'

The most wonderful experience that could ever happen to anybody was to be in America for a year of her neutrality, and to remain during the whole period of her great crusade.

During the Neutrality you were most struck by the personality and distinctiveness of East, South, and West, while the nation's mind was mainly filled with ideals of isolation and peace, and material interests—personal, civic, and patriotic.

At this time you could have spoken of America as a 'country' to the extent to which you could have spoken of European opinion in contradistinction to Asiatic, but not more. America's area is much the same as Europe's; she contains most European nations in groups of nation-size: her North and South were as essentially divided as in the 'sixties, the West was a blend of both, with climatic and historic differences, which made a third world; while there was that distinct personality, the Middle West, which will probably rule all three.

During the Crusade the main feature was common loyalty to AMERICA in her hour of strain. This was a burning force in all parts of the country, in all political parties, and in immigrants who were hardly yet able to speak American, and whose original private feelings may have been on the German side.

It is not size, or wealth, or ambition that makes the new America such a force to reckon with in the New Age ; it is her wonderful personality as a nation. She comprises more nations than we have time to count, yet she has infused them all with passionate loyalty for herself, though the free and independent spirit of each remains unquenchable.

This influence extends beyond America's own borders. I went to a special gathering of four hundred leaders of the student conference led by Dr. Mott, and what struck me most was a meeting of foreign students—Uruguay, Porto Rico, Brazil, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Armenia—each speaking earnestly of their country's belief in America's honesty of purpose and zeal to help them in religion and education. Their loyalty to America, as standing for good will and ideal aims, will surely help to make her a still greater World Power.

Let England recognise this fresh newness of the New World, and cease to fog the issue with mistaken recollections of childish quarrels and friendships ; let her realise that she will find in this new nation, as nowhere else, the close tie of like aims and ideals which alone creates friendship that gives happiness to both.

More than national interests demand that England should strike hands in a new and deeper friendship : all the future for both of us, and therefore for the whole world, depends on her rightly reading this special sign of the times.

If you ask what causes this newness, recall the way America spent the whole time of her crusade:—

she realised that the War *was* a crusade, and her mind was filled with fashioning the most ideal army since Cromwell's Ironsides. Business men threw over all shackles of tradition and profit, and eagerly volunteered, regardless of party ties, for public service. In every household there was unselfish thrift from thriftless women, and self-denial in the midst of plenty, that the food might be sent to their far-distant Allies.

The whole spirit of the country was contained in the cartoon on the cover of *Life* that will stand beside the magnificent one in *Punch*, where the Kaiser says, 'You have lost all,' and King Albert replies, 'Not my soul, sir.'

The editor of *Life* was a man of vision when he showed us Uncle Sam on his knees, looking up to Heaven with the words :

' IN GOD WE TRUST.'

What Americans did during the War

As Englishmen were all wanted at home during the war, they had little opportunity of learning about America, and they not unnaturally felt as if she was having an easy time. They could have learnt something from a reserved silent mother who had given both her sons, and who said to me :

Of course, the war did not touch us as it did you ; no one reverences your losses and your silent self-denial more than we do. But I think England does not realise our conditions enough to understand the ways in which the war has touched us as nothing has ever done before. So many of your sons

died, that our few losses must seem very negligible to you ; but remember, that every American mother nerved herself to let her son go, even though eventually the final sacrifice was not required from her. And remember, that though American women can endure hardness for themselves, yet it costs them foolishly much to let their children endure it.

It is a lesson they need to learn, and they learnt it more than I should have thought possible in the war. And it was an absolutely new trial of strength for us. We had no Army Family Pride to help us, for our recollections of war are of a family feud where Victory meant sorrow, not pride. We have been brought up to an ideal of peace, and the Old World cannot enter into that.

There she was absolutely right. Nothing puzzled me so much as to find myself in an atmosphere where war poetry fell flat. Scotch, Irish, and English always have a boy on the fighting line somewhere, and his wife is, as likely as not, sharing frontier dangers with him. But in this land of undoubted courage, swords were already turned into pruning-hooks, and war seemed only a ' fool business.'

The American mother learnt also daily self-denial ; the most extravagant of nations learnt thrift in food conservation ; and the most set in her ways of any woman on earth, the New England house-mother altered those ways in that most unalterable part of her house, the kitchen, where everything had been ' thus and so ' for generations.

And this thrift and adaptability were not drawn out of her by the needs of her own men, but by a quick imaginative sympathy, which bridged three thousand miles of ocean, and felt, with all Sir Philip Sidney's chivalry, for the stranger of alien race, ' whose necessity was greater than hers.'

Lord Rhondda, the Food Controller, said in April, 1918:

We are beginning to understand the depth and breadth and length of the American willingness to sacrifice, nay, of the American determination to forget self and remember the great general need. To us upon this side, the thought of the millions of Americans who, in the midst of plenty, are daily denying themselves that we on this side may be fed, cannot fail to be impressive and never can be forgotten. It is one of the fine things of this war. It is doing much to knit a stronger bond between the peoples than has ever existed in the past. America's voluntary sacrifice of wheat, of sugar, of fats, of all those foods which are so necessary to the victory of the Allies upon the European battlefields, is an inspiration to us. It does more than send food across to keep us physically strong.

An American lady over here was astonished to hear that we had eaten this and that during the war. 'But we didn't,' said she, 'and somehow I never imagined your having it.' 'We had it because you went without,' was the answer.

I was over there, and I saw the Americans, all over the country, doing without bacon, sugar, white bread, to send it to England; they denied themselves in the midst of plenty, to send food and petrol to us 3000 miles away.

Their big business men dislocated their business to put their brains at the disposal of the Government for the duration of the war, and took 'a-dollar-a-year' salary to be able to enrol themselves technically as workers.

Their women wore themselves out with War Relief and Belgian Relief. By the by, it was Americans who were the first to bear testimony that

it was other countries who contributed the main part of the money for Belgium, with gallant little New Zealand miles ahead of everybody. But the success of that Belgian Relief goes to the credit of America, because the heart and brains that carried the thing through belonged to Mr. Hoover, Mr. Brand Whitlock, Dr. Palmer Lucas, and Professor Kellog, to name only those whom I knew of personally.

When England needed petrol, the American Government requested—only requested—that joy rides should cease in America.

The request came just before Labour Day, the great holiday of the year. In America, thanks to cheap 'Fords,' there are as many men as masters riding their own motors and going for the week-end into the country. But that time masters and men stayed at home. The police always keep count of the motors on the great roads, and that year they counted tens instead of tens of thousands, and these included doctors and doers of unavoidable business, who felt horribly uncomfortable at being seen in a motor. And it should be noted that this was in consequence of a request—not an order.

Then, too, I doubt if we realised how every university in America altered its whole life and curriculum at six weeks' notice to receive conscription men as temporary students. It meant a great deal when I heard President Lowell of Harvard speak casually of the 8000 soldiers and airmen he was arranging to put up till the War Office chose to call them out.

The English know something of what the Camps did for the American Army, but I wish they could

have seen them at work. Camp Devons was near Groton, and I used to meet a good many of the officers (all eating their hearts out to get 'Over there'), and I often went to the Camp and watched an army of Ironsides, of 'men that have principles.' Their grave, earnest faces looked as if they felt that they were up against the biggest thing in the world, and must each do credit to their country, which for the first time was taking a hand in 'Welt Politik.'

A big man said the other day that Secretary Baker had made the American Army a new departure in the history of war; and if you had seen as many fine faces at the Camps as I have, you would realise that, for the first time in history, an army has proved to be the means of raising the whole Nation morally. Aliens were Americanised; English became the one language; social standards and manners were raised to the level of the better ones; morals and health were seen to for all, and so were amusement and education. Evil was not only fought by discipline and restraint. The Seven Devils were not only forbidden entry, but their house was filled with better things.

The Camps had libraries and lectures, classes and movies; there were coaches for athletics and songs, and all denominations had their religious services. Even the neighbouring towns were also provided with clean amusements—although only a year before, on the Mexican border, five thousand men were sent every night into a town with no amusement but saloons. America learnt by her own mistakes, and the 'Prince and the Sleeping Beauty' saw no greater

change in the life around him than did America in 1917.

Early efforts sometimes get overshadowed by the very success to which they conduce, so I should like to mention what I heard of the pioneer work of General Woods at Plattsburg Camp in 1915 and 1916.

Plattsburg was a Summer Camp for training of officers. Men came to it from every line of life, and I heard an account of it from one of them who was a Bishop. He said :

Ten thousand men went through the Camp this summer, not more than three thousand at a time. They learnt what it meant to be an American citizen and a religious man,—as well as strict Army discipline.

General Woods gave fifteen minutes' address every evening on what the Army should aim at in the making of a nation, over and above the manufacture of fighting men and reserve officers. That evening talk was really a sermon, and we also got daily military instructions from the captains.

I was there a month, and I never before came in such close touch with men as a man ; they write to me now, and I *know* them as I do no other men.—Bishop Brent (our chaplain) was away and we were marching up the heights one Saturday night, so I sent word round that I would have a Celebration next morning,—expecting a dozen friends. At 4.30 A.M. I found the hilltop covered (in bitter cold weather) with three hundred kneeling men of all sects. Many did not receive, but they wanted to be with their friends, and all knelt for an hour. Many came to me afterwards, and said it was the most striking service they had ever been at. That night I had a service of twenty hymns with the band, and gave the Blessing at dusk. I said : ' We can make fires, if you like, and go on singing,' and for three hours they all sang by firelight from memory. If anyone suggested ' Tipperary ' or such-like, there was a cry of, ' No, we'll have hymns.'

Plattsburg will make us a nation, and so will our war sympathies : every race in America, except pure Germans,

are pro-ally, and we are all being welded into Anglo-Saxon ideals.

It was largely thanks to Plattsburg officers that America was able, at the S.O.S. call, to send over so many thousand soldiers a week.

America upset the whole routine of the country, and spent millions in preparation against a danger to freedom in Europe, whose menace to America across the Atlantic (though clear to some of her statesmen) seemed as problematical to the average American as a warning from Mars.

As to money-making, she certainly made munitions, and did good business; but only charged a fair price, did it at our request, and helped us enormously thereby. But she showed it was not for private gain, because the minute we gave an S.O.S. call for men instead, she threw all her weight into doing that, and sent a real fighting army in shorter time than any other race could have accomplished.

She put through Conscription at once, which meant tenfold more courage in her rulers and goodwill in the nation, because she was a free Democracy of a hundred million men. It was, indeed, the greatest miracle in history.

Family Ties and Family Jars

Many rely upon union of ideals being henceforth a sure bond between England and America, who have been fighting side by side for liberty.

But a common language is needed for the full results of such union. Have we got one? Most people are busy learning French or Russian or Spanish, with

a view to future international needs ; but they would also find use in a few hints on colloquial English, which is quite a different tongue from literary English. Bear in mind that the English are *Masters of Understatement*. When an Englishman says anything pleasant, always multiply it by a really high figure ; even so, you will not reach the warmth of the kind-heartedness inside it—a ‘ long, long way ’ inside him, but ‘ right there.’

He may have a direct method of speech which makes your blood run cold ; but if he says anything chilling or even downright brutal, divide by at least ten before you imagine you have got at what he really feels.

Yes, a half-known language is a great snare !

It is a still greater snare to talk to a person, imagining that he can speak your language, when he is really incapable of speaking any. An American told me that he went to stay with an English General, who had a son in Mesopotamia. ‘ I thought that now I should have a chance of hearing the inside of a hero’s mind at the very moment of heroism.’

A long letter came next day and the mother read out bits. ‘ We went to such a place and did so and so.’ ‘ But do tell me,’ said I eagerly, ‘ what was he *thinking* of, how did he *feel* when making such a splendid venture of courage ? ’ She searched the letter, while I waited, fearing that his inmost thoughts were too sacred to be given to an outsider. However, that was not the cause of her delay. ‘ Here it is,’ said she at last ; ‘ I knew he said something somewhere, and here it is. Arthur says, “ It was all a beastly mess,” but he says nothing more.’ Now, Arthur is a clever fellow, and his

psychology is accurately portrayed in Rudyard Kipling's poem 'The Puzzler.'

Yes, there will always be many difficulties of interpretation between two races, at whose christening the Bad Fairy interposed with that subtle curse which she often—no, sometimes—lays on poor innocents, who seem to the world to be twins—the curse that (though they seem to be speaking the same language) neither shall understand the other. She laid it on Lear and Cordelia, and on many another apparently related couple.

Then again, the wrong people so often meet each other. Charming people on each side meet the other Nation's vulgar tourists or self-centred, ill-mannered rich, or fourth-rate commercials out for prey. Each judged the other Nation by these, forgetting that such types are common to both.

Also, much of the information you get about us misleads you ; the papers report objectionable sayings and doings, without any suggestion that *this* was a freak, and *that* was merely the English habit of letting their good be evil spoken of. You do not realise how the one sentence in Jowett's advice to Statesmen which is fixed in our minds is 'Never Explain.'

On the other hand, *you* mislead *us* by expressing your true Idealism so well and fully that we (with our Doctrine of Reserve) fancy that it cannot be true ; or else you give us clever cynicism for the fun of it, and we believe you !

You mislead us most by talking about the 'Almighty Dollar.' Just as England accepts imputations of arrogance and hardness, through being

acutely conscious of her real kindness, you accept this phrase from your inner pride in knowing your own generosity.

We do not realise over here that your boys of leading position have practically no other career open to them, except Business; whereas ours have family estate to employ (as well as to support) them; a traditional belief that Politics and unpaid Public Service are the noblest of careers: many more openings in Army, Navy and Diplomacy than with you; and the unique opportunities of Indian Civil Service and Colonial posts.

We, mistakenly but naturally, feel as if your boys rejected these callings in favour of Business from mere love of money. We do not realise that with you the dollar stands for, not mere pounds, shillings, and pence, but is a Symbol of Power and that Success in playing the game of Life which we all recognise as a worthy ambition.

A man, whom I would gladly see the next President, was assuming, as a matter of course, that America worshipped the dollar. 'I wish you would talk as you really feel; you know as well as I do that America worships ideals, and that to her the dollar stands for success in playing the game.' He stopped a moment, and then said, 'You are perfectly right, and I do think that; but the other is the usual thing to say.'

Another difficulty in our intercourse is that American kindness is of a different brand from ours, it holds a more passionate fervour for the under dog.

We give an impression of a barbaric hardness by

being inclined to think that the under dog probably richly deserved the thrashing he got, and that the upper dog probably earned his better fortune.

The American good-heartedness is ready to 'butt in' without a straw of investigation on behalf of the under dog; he shoots the top dog at sight, especially if the under dog mentions conscientious objections.

It is our truthfulness which objects to any suspicion of sentimentality, and makes us agree with Wellington that misplaced leniency is the worst cruelty, and that to spare the rod is very unkind to the child.

But it makes us hard, and I often shiver when I hear these courteous, urbane, tolerant Americans telling some story of a thoroughly 'English' remark, and feel it no wonder that they prefer France, quite apart from their romantic attachment to Lafayette and the French Monarchy.

'There is always an Excellent Reason for a man's action, and also the Real Reason.' America's national affections have clung round France because of their great-grandfather's love affair with (a quite different) France, two hundred years ago; and this is an Excellent Reason. It would be waste of time to mention the various ways during the last twenty years in which England has stood by her (true to the cousinship, which is one of her inherited traditions), as it is far more relevant to mention the world-wide truth that neither love nor benefits, but only lovableness, can win love. The French are very lovable. This is the Real Reason.

Now, I am as much in love with America as

Americans are with the French, but I think their appreciation of France a little misleads them as to their own attitude to the English. They are so charming to the French that they feel as if they were always charming to strangers : so they are, when they start by being in love with a nation or an individual, hence they feel as if this were their long suit in all cases, and that, if the other fellow doesn't get on with them, it must be his fault.

It may be they all take the goodness of English doings and qualities for granted, but it would promote good feeling if they sometimes mentioned them.

I daresay the Englishman does not say pretty things to them ; then, he never does it to anybody : he would only give away his blanket if the other fellow was cold.

Now the American can and does say pretty things, but so seldom to the Englishman that the omission seems accidentally done on purpose. And then one nation very often misunderstands the other's form of chaff.

We think your chaff boastful, and you think ours brutal. The mutual mistake lies partly in the fact that your humour lies in over-statement, and ours in under-statement ; also, you praise unreservedly, and we surprisedly. I am told that when a Yankee does a fine thing, his comrade will hit him on the back, exclaiming : ' Well done, old fellow ! I always knew you had it in you to do something fine.' In like case, an Englishman will come up exclaiming, ' Well done, old fellow ! I never thought you had it in you ! '

Your Boys came over, fought magnificently, and put our backs up by assuring us with your form of humour that they were going to put everything to rights offhand.

I can give no first-hand information about boasting, because my experience was that America possessed the large-hearted humility of a great nation, combined with the thin-skinnedness of a gallant and hot-tempered one.

As to English brutality, I confess it ; all the same, being English, I could hold a brief for it, which I should base on the theory that the compound householder who inhabits, and lawfully inherits, our country is compounded of Robinson Crusoe, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Philip Sidney. But this would not be germane to a book on America. Yet it is allowable to quote an American who wrote : ‘ Of all the traditions that German Victory would break, the English tradition is nearest our hearts. I am thinking of the England one knew as a boy, that one built into one’s imagination unconsciously out of stories read and listened to, into a land of variety, of humour and romance, of fancy and hard knocks, of broad laughter and chivalry—a place of which Falstaff was as true and no truer a native than Sidney who went without the cup of water and who wrote of “ that sweet enemy, France.” ’

‘ What coloured contradictions, what moral chiaroscuro, what wild flowers of eccentricity were to be found in this England one imagined and came afterwards to know. By altering one word, Burke’s description is still one of the best.—“ The ancient

and inbred integrity, poetry, good nature and good humour of the People of England.” ’

But perhaps the greatest obstacle to our true relationship which ought to exist because of our being one in aims and ideals, is our false idea of cousinship after the flesh, which leads us to expect more sympathy and understanding from Americans than from any other people. It is often there (and most graciously worded), but we expect it as a right on false grounds. How often I have heard people say resentfully, ‘Well! America ought to have known us better than *that*!’ Now, why should a pleasant, passing stranger understand us because of an intermarriage three hundred years ago, especially when he has heard much ill of us from mutual Irish neighbours, and found us ungenial travelling companions?

A girl said to me the other day: ‘Look at the way the Anzacs ran over each other’s heels to come to the help of the Old Country. Why didn’t the Americans?’ She never realised that America holds too many strains of blood to look on England as their ‘Old Country’; besides which, I suspect that the Anzacs would have told her that they ran, not for the *beaux yeux* of the Old Country, but for the Empire, which was themselves.

When you come, do not imagine you are visiting a New England, but give thanks for your more happy fortune in discovering a New Atlantis. Instead of cousins with a strong family likeness, you will find charming strangers. Enjoy their individuality as a new flavour in life—and enjoy also the unexpected

touch of likeness and sympathy which you will come upon here and there.

But whatever you do, do not commit the unpardonable sin of admiring any things or persons because they are so charming that they really might be English. I used to think it a compliment when any nation spoke of your possessions as being like its own best, but I have learnt better now.

However, if we do not claim relationship, Americans are very quick to allow it; but they naturally do not like being 'taken possession of' by an uninviting stranger. In private life the pleasantness of cousinly relationship is, that it is not valid till *both* parties have taken a fancy to each other: the tactlessness of the one who comes forward too soon is always deeply resented by the other.

But I am quite sure that in a future world we shall discover Cousinship of Blood as well as Brotherhood of Grace.

I had a wonderful foretaste of that day on the Old North Bridge, at Concord, on Memorial Day, 1917. I went early in the morning with flowers for the Minute Man—a Southern friend was with me—and the two lost causes, British and Confederate, were alone on the bridge, and laid flowers before the Minute Man, and on the grave of the two British soldiers whose fate so moved Hawthorne. His spirit may have joined us as we passed the Old Manse, but no one else was to be seen (except an isolated man and woman, standing disconnectedly in the road), when suddenly a ghostly procession came through the mist—six old veterans, just risen from their graves; four tiny boy

scouts, hardly yet born ; and two young men of the Present, carrying a bugle and a flag.

They went first to the British grave and, for the first time in history, they laid on it England's flag and a branch of New England apple blossom ; they saluted, blew a bugle call, and passed on to do the same for the Minute Man and his flag.

Then they stood in line on the bridge, and each of the twelve threw a flower into the stream and saluted, while the leader said, ' We salute all the sailors who died in the Civil War.'

Then, after a last ghostly bugle call, they melted away into the mist. Was it the mist of Past or Future ? for they had saluted the three great facts of Past, Present, and Future History : the Birth of Democracy, the Friendship of Anglo-Saxonism, and the Future Peace of the World, which will surely spring from it.

Concord Bridge will always be one of my greatest memories—a memory and a prophecy.

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